MELODIES,

NATIONAL AIRS,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

AND THE

ODES OF ANACREON

BY

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ODES OF ANACREON.

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ODE I.

I saw the smiling bard of pleasure,
The minstrel of the Teian measure;
'T was in a vision of the night,
He beam'd upon my wondering sight.
I heard his voice, and warmly press'd
The dear enthusiast to my breast.
His tresses wore a silvery dye
But Beauty sparkled in his eye;
Sparkled in his eyes of fire,
Through the mist of soft desire.
His lip exhaled, whene'er he sigh'd,
The fragrance of the racy tide;
And, as with weak and reeling feet,
He came my cordial kiss to meet,
An infant, of the Cyprian band,
Guided him on with tender hand.
Quick from his glowing brows he drew
His braid, of many a wanton hue;
I took the wreath, whose inmost twine
Breathed of him and blush'd with wine.
I hung it o'er my thoughtless brow,
And ah! I feel its magic now:
I feel that even his garland's touch
Can make the bosom love too much.

ODE II.

Give me the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.
Proclaim the laws of festal rite,
I 'm monarch of the board to-night·
And all around shall brim as high,
And quaff the tide as deep as I.
And when the cluster's mellowing dews
Their warm enchanting balm infuse,
Our feet shall catch th' elastic bound,
And ree. us through the dance's round.
Great Bacchus! we shall sing to thee,
In wild but sweet ebriety;
Flashing around such sparks of thought,
As Bacchus could alone have taught.

Then, give the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;
But tear away the sanguine string.
For war is not the theme I sing

ODE III.

Listen to the Muse's lyre,
Master of the pencil's fire!
Sketch'd in painting's bold display
Many a city first portray;
Many a city, revelling free,
Full of loose festivity.
Picture then a rosy train,
Bacchants straying o'er the plain,
Piping, as they roam along,
Roundelay or shepherd-song.
Paint me next, if painting may
Such a theme as this portray,
All the earthly heaven of love
These delighted mortals prove.

ODE IV.

Vulcan! hear your glorious task
I do not from your labors ask
In gorgeous panoply to shine,
For war was ne'er a sport of mine.
No — let me have a silver bowl,
Where I may cradle all my soul;

But mind that, o'er its simple frame
No mimic constellations flame;
Nor grave upon the swelling side
Orion, scowling o'er the tide.
I care not for the glitt'ring wain,
Nor yet the weeping sister train.
But let the vine luxuriant roll
Its blushing tendrils round the bowl,
While many a rose-lipp'd bacchant maid
Is culling clusters in their shade
Let sylvan gods, in antic shapes,
Wildly press the gushing grapes,
And flights of Loves, in wanton play,
Wing through the air their winding way;
While Venus from her harbor green,
Looks laughing at the joyous scene,
And young Lyæus by her side
Sits, worthy of so bright a bride.

ODE V.

Sculptor, wouldst thou glad my soul,
Grave for me an ample bowl,
Worthy to shine in hall or bower,
When spring-time brings the reveller's hour.
Grave it with themes of chaste design,
Fit for a simple board like mine.
Display not there the barbarous rites
In which religious zeal delights ·

Nor any tale of tragic fate
Which History shudders to relate.
No — cull thy fancies from above,
Themes of heav'n and themes of love.
Let Bacchus, Jove's ambrosial boy,
Distil the grape in drops of joy,
And while he smiles at every tear,
Let warm-eyed Venus, dancing near,
With spirits of the genial bed,
The dewy herbage deftly tread.
Let Love be there, without his arms,
In timid nakedness of charms;
And all the Graces, link'd with Love,
Stray, laughing, through the shadowy grove
While rosy boys disporting round,
In circlets trip the velvet ground.
But ah! if there Apollo toys,
I tremble for the rosy boys

ODE VI.

As late I sought the spangled bowers,
To cull a wreath of matin flowers,
Where many an early rose was weeping,
I found the urchin Cupid sleeping.
I caught the boy, a goblet's tide
Was richly mantling by my side,
I caught him by his downy wing,
And whelm'd him in the racy spring

Then drank I down the poison'd bowl
And Love now nestles in my soul.
Oh yes, my soul is Cupid's nest,
I feel him fluttering in my breast.

ODE VII.

The women tell me every day
That all my bloom has pass'd away
"Behold," the pretty wantons cry,
"Behold this mirror with a sigh;
The locks upon thy brow are few,
And, like the rest, they 're withering too."
Whether decline has thinn'd my hair,
I 'm sure I neither know nor care;
But this I know, and this I feel,
As onward to the tomb I steal,
That still as death approaches nearer,
The joys of life are sweeter, dearer,
And had I but an hour to live,
That little hour to bliss I 'd give

ODE VIII.

I CARE not for the idle state
Of Persia's king, the rich, the great:
I envy not the monarch's throne,
Nor wish the treasured gold my own.
But oh! be mine the rosy wreath,
Its freshness o'er my brow to breathe;
Be mine the rich perfumes that flow,
To cool and scent my locks of snow.
To-day I 'll haste to quaff my wine,
As if to-morrow ne'er would shine;
But if to-morrow comes, why then
I 'll haste to quaff my wine again.
And thus while all our days are bright,
Nor time has dimm'd their bloomy light,
Let us the festal hours beguile
With mantling cup and cordial smile;
And shed from each new bowl of wine
The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine.
For Death may come, with brow unpleasant,
May come, when least we wish him present,
And beckon to the sable shore,
And grimly bid us — drink no more.

ODE IX.

I PRAY thee, by the gods above,
Give me the mighty bowl I love,
And let me sing, in wild delight,
"I will — I will be mad to-night!"
Alcmæon once, as legends tell,
Was frenzied by the fiends of hell;
Orestes too, with naked tread,
Frantic paced the mountain-head;
And why? a murder'd mother's shade
Haunted them still where'er they strav'd.
But ne'er could I a murderer be,
The grape alone shall bleed by me,
Yet can I shout, with wild delight,
"I will — I will be mad to-night!"

Alcides' self, in days of yore,
In brued his hands in youthful gore,
And brandish'd, with a maniac joy,
The quiver of th' expiring boy:
And Ajax, with tremendous shield,
Infuriate scour'd the guiltless field.
But I, whose hands no weapon ask,
No armor but this joyous flask;
The trophy of whose frantic hours
Is but a scatter'd wreath of flowers,
Ev'n I can sing with wild delight,
"I will — I will be mad to-night!"

ODE X.

How am I to punish thee,
For the wrong thou 'st done to me,
Silly swallow, prating thing —
Shall I clip that wheeling wing?
Or, as Tereus did, of old,
(So the fabled tale is told,)
Shall I tear that tongue away,
Tongue that utter'd such a lay?
Ah, how thoughtless hast thou been!
Long before the dawn was seen,
When a dream came o'er my mind,
Picturing her I worship, kind,
Just when I was nearly blest,
Loud thy matins broke my rest!

ODE XI.

"Tell me, gentle youth, I pray thee,
What in purchase shall I pay thee
For this little waxen toy,
Image of the Paphian boy?"
Thus I said, the other day,
To a youth who pass'd my way:

"Sir," (he answer'd, and the while
Answer'd all in Doric style,)
"Take it, for a trifle take it;
'T was not I who dared to make it;
No, believe me, 't was not I;
Oh, it has cost me many a sigh,
And I can no longer keep
Little gods, who murder sleep!"
"Here, then, here," (I said with joy,)
"Here is silver for the boy:
He shall be my bosom guest,
Idol of my pious breast!"
Now, young Love, I have thee mine,
Warm me with that torch of thine;
Make me feel as I have felt,
Or thy waxen frame shall melt:
I must burn with warm desire,
Or thou, my boy — in yonder fire

ODE XII

They tell how Atys, wild with love,
Roams the mount and haunted grove;
Cybele's name he howls around,
The gloomy blast returns the sound!
Oft too, by Claros' haunted spring,
The votaries of the laurell'd king
Quaff the inspiring, magic stream,
And rave in wild, prophetic dream.

But frenzied dreams are not for me
Great Bacchus is my deity!
Full of mirth and full of him,
While floating odors round me swim,
While mantling bowls are full supplied,
And you sit blushing by my side,
I will be mad and raving too —
Mad, my girl, with love for you!

ODE XIII.

I WILL, I will, the conflict 's past,
And I 'll consent to love at last.
Cupid has long, with smiling art,
Invited me to yield my heart;
And I have thought that peace of mind
Should not be for a smile resign'd:
And so repell'd the tender lure,
And hoped my heart would sleep secure.

But, slighted in his boasted charms,
The angry infant flew to arms;
He slung his quiver's golden frame,
He took his bow, his shafts of flame,
And proudly summon'd me to yield,
Or meet him on the martial field.
And what did I unthinking do?
I took to arms, undaunted, too.

Assumed the corslet, shield, and spear,
And, like Pelides, smiled at fear.
Then (hear it, all ye powers above!)
I fought with Love! I fought with Love
And now his arrows all were shed,
And I had just in terror fled —
When, heaving an indignant sigh,
To see me thus unwounded fly,
And, having now no other dart,
He shot himself into my heart!
My heart — alas the luckless day!
Received the god, and died away.
Farewell, farewell, my faithless shield
Thy lord at length is forced to yield.
Vain, vain, is every outward care,
The foe 's within. and triumphs there.

ODE XIV.

Count me, on the summer trees,
Every leaf that courts the breeze,
Count me, on the foamy deep,
Every wave that sinks to sleep;
Then, when you have number'd these
Billowy tides and leafy trees,
Count me all the flames I prove,
All the gentle nymphs I love.
First, of pure Athenian maids
Sporting in their olive shades.

You may reckon just a score,
Nay, I 'll grant you fifteen more.
In the famed Corinthian grove,
Where such countless wantons rove,
Chains of beauties may be found,
Chains, by which my heart is bound;
There, indeed, are nymphs divine,
Dangerous to a soul like mine.
Many bloom in Lesbos' isle;
Many in Ionia smile;
Rhodes a pretty swarm can boast;
Caria too contains a host.
Sum them all — of brown and fair
You may count two thousand there.
What, you stare? I pray you, peace
More I 'll find before I cease.
Have I told you all my flames,
'Mong the amorous Syrian dames?
Have I number'd every one,
Glowing under Egypt's sun?
Or the nymphs, who, blushing sweet,
Deck the shrine of Love in Crete;
Where the God, with festal play,
Holds eternal holiday?
Still in clusters, still remain
Gades' warm, desiring train;
Still there lies a myriad more
On the sable India's shore;
These, and many far removed,
All are loving — all are loved

ODE XV.

Tell me, why, my sweetest dove,
Thus your humid pinions move,
Shedding through the air in showers
Essence of the balmiest flowers?
Tell me whither, whence you rove,
Tell me all, my sweetest dove

Curious stranger, I belong
To the bard of Teian song;
With his mandate now I fly
To the nymph of azure eye; —
She, whose eye has madden'd many,
But the poet more than any.
Venus, for a hymn of love,
Warbled in her votive grove,
('T was in sooth a gentle lay,)
Gave me to the bard away.
See me now his faithful minion. —
Thus with softly-gliding pinion,
To his lovely girl I bear
Songs of passion through the air.
Oft he blandly whispers me,
"Soon, my bird, I 'll set you free."
But in vain he 'll bid me fly,
I shall serve him till I die.
Never could my plumes sustain
Ruffling winds and chilling rain,

O'er the plains, or in the dell,
On the mountain's savage swell,
Seeking in the desert wood
Gloomy shelter, rustic food.
Now I lead a life of ease,
Far from rustic haunts like these.
From Anacreon's hand I eat
Food delicious, viands sweet;
Flutter o'er his goblet's brim,
Sip the foamy wine with him.
Then when I have wanton'd round
To his lyre's beguiling sound;
Or with gently-moving wings
Fann'd the minstrel while he sings
On his harp I sink in slumbers,
Dreaming still of dulcet numbers!

This is all — away — away —
You have made me waste the day.
How I 've chatter'd! prating crow
Never yet did chatter so.

ODE XVI.

Thou, whose soft and rosy hues
Mimic form and soul infuse,
Best of painters, come, portray
The lovely maid that 's far away

Far away, my soul! thou art,
But I've thy beauties all by heart.
Paint her jetty ringlets playing,
Silky locks, like tendrils straying;
And, if painting hath the skill
To make the spicy balm distil,
Let every little lock exhale
A sigh of perfume on the gale
Where her tresses' curly flow
Darkles o'er the brow of snow,
Let her forehead beam to light,
Burnish'd as the ivory bright.
Let her eyebrows smoothly rise
In jetty arches o'er her eyes,
Each, a crescent gently gliding,
Just commingling, just dividing.

But, hast thou any sparkles warm,
The lightning of her eyes to form?
Let them effuse the azure rays
That in Minerva's glances blaze
Mix'd with the liquid light that lies
In Cytherea's languid eyes.
O'er her nose and cheek be shed
Flushing white and soften'd red;
Mingling tints, as when there glows
In snowy milk the bashful rose.
Then her lip, so rich in blisses,
Sweet petitioner for kisses,
Rosy nest, where lurks Persuasion,
Mutely courting Love's invasion.
Next, beneath the velvet chin,
Whose dimple hides a Love within,

Mould her neck with grace descending,
In a heaven of beauty ending;
While countless charms, above, below,
Sport and flutter round its snow.
Now let a floating, lucid veil
Shadow her form, but not conceal;
A charm may peep, a hue may beam,
And leave the rest to Fancy's dream.
Enough — 't is she! 't is all I seek;
It glows, it lives, it soon will speak!

ODE XVII.

And now with all thy pencil's truth,
Portray Bathyllus, lovely youth!
Let his hair, in masses bright,
Fall like floating rays of light;
And there the raven's dye confuse
With the golden sunbeam's hues.
Let no wreath, with artful twine,
The flowing of his locks confine;
But leave them loose to every breeze,
To take what shape and course they please.
Beneath the forehead, fair as snow,
But flush'd with manhood's early glow,
And guileless as the dews of dawn,
Let the majestic brows be drawn,
Of ebon hue, enrich'd by gold,
Such as dark, shining snakes unfold.

Mix in his eyes the power alike,
With love to win, with awe to strike;
Borrow from Mars his look of ire,
From Venus her soft glance of fire;
Blend them in such expression here,
That we by turns may hope and fear!

Now from the sunny apple seek
The velvet down that spreads his cheek,
And there, if art so far can go,
Th' ingenious blush of boyhood show.
While, for his mouth — but no, — in vain
Would words its witching charm explain.
Make it the very seat, the throne,
That Eloquence would claim her own;
And let the lips, though silent, wear
A life-look, as if words were there.

Next thou his ivory neck must trace,
Moulded with soft but manly grace;
Fair as the neck of Paphia's boy,
Where Paphia's arms have hung in joy.
Give him the winged Hermes' hand,
With which he waves his snaky wand;
Let Bacchus the broad chest supply,
And Leda's sons the sinewy thigh;
While, through his whole transparent frame
Thou show'st the stirrings of that flame,
Which kindles, when the first love-sigh
Steals from the heart, unconscious why.
But sure thy pencil, though so bright,
Is envious of the eye's delight,
Or its enamor'd touch would show
The shoulder, fair as sunless snow

Which now in veiling shadow lies,
Removed from all but Fancy's eyes.
Now, for his feet — but hold — forbear —
I see the sun-god's portrait there;
Why paint Bathyllus? when, in truth,
There, in that god, thou 'st sketch'd the youth.
Enough — let this bright form be mine,
And send the boy to Samos' shrine;
Phœbus shall then Bathyllus be,
Bathyllus then, the deity!

ODE XVIII.

Now the star of day is high,
Fly, my girls, in pity fly,
Bring me wine in brimming urns,
Cool my lip, it burns, it burns!
Sunn'd by the meridian fire,
Panting, languid, I expire.
Give me all those humid flowers,
Drop them o'er my brow in showers.
Scarce a breathing chaplet now
Lives upon my feverish brow;
Every dewy rose I wear
Sheds its tears, and withers there,
But to you, my burning heart,
What can now relief impart?
Can brimming bowl, or flowret's dew
Cool the flame that scorches you?

ODE XIX

Here recline you, gentle maid,
Sweet in this embowering shade;
Sweet the young, the modest trees,
Ruffled by the kissing breeze;
Sweet the little founts that weep,
Lulling soft the mind to sleep;
Hark! they whisper as they roll,
Calm persuasion to the soul;
Tell me, tell me, is not this
All a stilly scene of bliss?
Who, my girl, would pass it by?
Surely neither you nor I.

ODE XX.

One day the Muses twined the hands
Of infant Love with flow'ry bands;
And to celestial Beauty gave
The captive infant for her slave.
His mother comes, with many a toy,
To ransom her beloved boy;
His mother sues, but all in vain, —
He ne'er will leave his chains again

Even should they take his chains away,
The little captive still would stay.
"If this," he cries, "a bondage be,
Oh, who could wish for liberty?"

ODE XXI.

OBSERVE when mother earth is dry,
She drinks the droppings of the sky,
And then the dewy cordial gives
To ev'ry thirsty plant that lives.
The vapors, which at evening weep,
Are beverage to the swelling deep;
And when the rosy sun appears,
He drinks the ocean's misty tears.
The moon too quaffs her paly stream
Of lustre, from the solar beam.
Then, hence with all your sober thinking!
Since Nature's holy law is drinking;
I 'll make the laws of nature mine,
And pledge the universe in wine.

ODE XXII.

The Phrygian rock, that braves the storm,
Was once a weeping matron's form;
And Progne, hapless, frantic maid,
Is now a swallow in the shade.
Oh! that a mirror's form were mine,
That I might catch that smile divine:
And like my own fond fancy be,
Reflecting thee, and only thee;
Or could I be the robe which holds
That graceful form within its folds;
Or, turn'd into a fountain, lave
Thy beauties in my circling wave.
Would I were perfume for thy hair,
To breathe my soul in fragrance there;
Or, better still, the zone, that lies
Close to thy breast, and feels its sighs!
Or e'en those envious pearls that show
So faintly round that neck of snow —
Yes, I would be a happy gem,
Like them to hang, to fade like them.
What more would thy Anacreon be?
Or, any thing that touches thee;
Nay, sandals for those airy feet —
E'en to be trod by them were sweet!

ODE XXIII.

I OFTEN wish this languid lyre,
This warbler of my soul's desire,
Could raise the breath of song sublime,
To men of fame, in former time.
But when the soaring theme I try,
Along the chords my numbers die,
And whisper, with dissolving tone,
"Our sighs are given to love alone!"
Indignant at the feeble lay,
I tore the panting chords away,
Attuned them to a nobler swell,
And struck again the breathing shell;
In all the glow of epic fire,
To Hercules I wake the lyre.
But still its fainting sighs repeat,
"The tale of love alone is sweet!"
Then fare thee well, seductive dream,
That mad'st me follow Glory's theme;
For thou my lyre, and thou my heart,
Shall never more in spirit part;
And all that one has felt so well
The other shall as sweetly tell!

ODE XXIV.

To all that breathe the air of heaven,
Some boon of strength has Nature given.
In forming the majestic bull,
She fenced with wreathed horns his skull
A hoof of strength she lent the steed,
And wing'd the timorous hare with speed.
She gave the lion fangs of terror,
And o'er the ocean's crystal mirror,
Taught the unnumber'd scaly throng
To trace their liquid path along;
While for the umbrage of the grove,
She plumed the warbling world of love.

To man she gave, in that proud hour,
The boon of intellectual power,
Then, what, oh woman, what, for thee,
Was left in Nature's treasury?
She gave thee beauty — mightier far
Than all the pomp and power of war.
Nor steel, nor fire itself hath power
Like woman in her conquering hour.
Be thou but fair, mankind adore thee,
Smile, and a world is weak before thee!

ODE XXV.

Once in each revolving year,
Gentle bird! we find thee here.
When Nature wears her summer-vest,
Thou com'st to weave thy simple nest,
But when the chilling winter lowers.
Again thou seek'st the genial bowers
Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,
Where sunny hours for ever smile.
And thus thy pinion rests and roves,—
Alas! unlike the swarm of Loves,
That brood within this hapless breast,
And never, never change their nest!
Still every year, and all the year,
They fix their fated dwelling here;
And some their infant plumage try,
And on a tender winglet fly;
While in the shell, impregn'd with fires,
Still lurk a thousand more desires;
Some from their tiny prisons peeping,
And some in formless embryo sleeping.

Thus peopled, like the vernal groves,
My breast resounds with warbling Loves;
One urchin imps the other's feather,
Then twin-desires they wing together,
And fast as they thus take their flight,
Still other urchins spring to light.

But is there then no kindly art,
To chase these Cupids from my heart?
Ah, no! I fear, in sadness fear,
They will for ever nestle here!

ODE XXVI.

Thy harp may sing of Troy's alarms,
Or tell the tale of Theban arms;
With other wars my song shall burn,
For other wounds my harp shall mourn.
'T was not the crested warrior's dart,
That drank the current of my heart;
Nor naval arms, nor mailed steed,
Have made this vanquish'd bosom bleed;
No — 't was from eyes of liquid blue,
A host of quiver'd Cupids flew;
And now my heart all bleeding lies
Beneath that army of the eyes!

ODE XXVII.

We read the flying courser's name
Upon his side, in marks of flame;
And, by their turban'd brows alone,
The warriors of the East are known.
But in the lover's glowing eyes,
The inlet to his bosom lies;
Through them we see the small faint mark,
Where Love has dropp'd his burning spark!

ODE XXVIII.

As, by his Lemnian forge's flame,
The husband of the Paphian dame
Moulded the glowing steel, to form
Arrows for Cupid, thrilling warm;
And Venus, as he plied his art,
Shed honey round each new-made dart,
While Love, at hand, to finish all,
Tipp'd every arrow's point with gall;
It chanced the Lord of Battles came
To visit that deep cave of flame.
'T was from the ranks of war he rush'd
His spear with many a life-drop blush'd;

He saw the fiery darts, and smiled
Contemptuous at the archer-child.
"What!" said the urchin, "dost thou smile?
Here, hold this little dart awhile,
And thou wilt find, though swift of flight,
My bolts are not so feathery light."

Mars took the shaft — and, oh, thy look,
Sweet Venus, when the shaft he took! —
Sighing, he felt the urchin's art,
And cried, in agony of heart,
"It is not light — I sink with pain!
Take — take thy arrow back again."
"No," said the child, "it must not be;
That little dart was made for thee!"

ODE XXIX.

Yes — loving is a painful thrill,
And not to love more painful still;
But oh, it is the worst of pain,
To love and not be loved again!
Affection now has fled from earth,
Nor fire of genius, noble birth,
Nor heavenly virtue, can beguile
From beauty's cheek one favoring smile.
Gold is the woman's only theme,
Gold is the woman's only dream.

Oh! never be that wretch forgiven —
Forgive him not, indignant heaven!
Whose grovelling eyes could first adore,
Whose heart could pant for sordid ore.
Since that devoted thirst began,
Man has forgot to feel for man;
The pulse of social life is dead,
And all its tender feelings fled!
War too has sullied Nature's charms,
For gold provokes the world to arms:
And oh! the worst of all its arts,
It rends asunder loving hearts.

ODE XXX.

'T was in a mocking dream of night
I fancied I had wings as light
As a young bird's, and flew as fleet;
While Love, around whose beauteous feet,
I knew not why, hung chains of lead,
Pursued me, as I trembling fled;
And, strange to say, as swift as thought,
Spite of my pinions, I was caught!
What does the wanton Fancy mean
By such a strange, illusive scene?
I fear she whispers to my breast,
That you, sweet maid, have stol'n its rest;

That though my fancy, for a while,
Hath hung on many a woman's smile,
I soon dissolved each passing vow,
And ne'er was caught by love till now

ODE XXXI.

Arm'd with hyacinthine rod,
(Arms enough for such a god,)
Cupid bade me wing my pace,
And try with him the rapid race.
O'er many a torrent, wild and deep,
By tangled brake and pendent steep,
With weary foot I panting flew,
Till my brow dropp'd with chilly dew.
And now my soul, exhausted, dying,
To my lip was faintly flying;
And now I thought the spark had fled,
When Cupid hover'd o'er my head,
And fanning light his breezy pinion,
Rescued my soul from death's dominion;
Then said, in accents half-reproving,
"Why hast thou been a foe to loving?"

ODE XXXII.

Strew me a fragrant bed of leaves,
Where lotus with the myrtle weaves;
And while in luxury's dream I sink,
Let me the balm of Bacchus drink!
In this sweet hour of revelry
Young Love shall my attendant be —
Dress'd for the task, with tunic round
His snowy neck and shoulders bound,
Himself shall hover by my side,
And minister the racy tide!

Oh, swift as wheels that kindling roll,
Our life is hurrying to the goal:
A scanty dust, to feed the wind,
Is all the trace 't will leave behind.
Then wherefore waste the rose's bloom
Upon the cold, insensate tomb?
Can flowery breeze, or odor's breath,
Affect the still, cold sense of death?
Oh no; I ask no balm to steep
With fragrant tears my bed of sleep:
But now, while every pulse is glowing,
Now let me breathe the balsam flowing
Now let the rose, with blush of fire,
Upon my brow in sweets expire;
And bring the nymph whose eye hath power,
To brighten even death's cold hour.

Yes, Cupid! ere my shade retire,
To join the blest elysian choir,
With wine, and love, and social cheer
I'll make my own elysium here!

ODE XXXIII.

'T was noon of night, when round the pole
The sullen Bear is seen to roll;
And mortals, wearied with the day,
Are slumbering all their cares away:
An infant, at that dreary hour,
Came weeping to my silent bower,
And waked me with a piteous prayer,
To shield him from the midnight air.
"And who art thou," I waking cry,
"That bidd'st my blissful visions fly?"
"Ah, gentle sire!" the infant said,
"In pity take me to thy shed;
Nor fear deceit: a lonely child
I wander o'er the gloomy wild.
Chill drops the rain, and not a ray
Illumes the drear and misty way!"

I heard the baby's tale of woe,
I heard the bitter night-winds blow;
And sighing for his piteous fate,
I trimm'd my lamp and oped the gate.

'T was Love! the little wand'ring sprite,
His pinion sparkled through the night.
I knew him by his bow and dart;
I knew him by my fluttering heart.
Fondly I take him in, and raise
The dying embers' cheering blaze;
Press from his dank and clinging hair
The crystals of the freezing air,
And in my hand and bosom hold
His little fingers thrilling cold.

And now the embers' genial ray
Had warm'd his anxious fears away;
"I pray thee," said the wanton child,
(My bosom trembled as he smiled,)
"I pray thee let me try my bow,
For through the rain I 've wander'd so,
That much I fear the midnight shower
Has injured its elastic power."
The fatal bow the urchin drew;
Swift from the string the arrow flew
As swiftly flew as glancing flame,
And to my inmost spirit came!
"Fare thee well!" I heard him say
As laughing wild he wing'd away;
"Fare thee well, for now I know
The rain has not relax'd my bow;
It still can send a thrilling dart,
As thou shalt own with all thy heart"

ODE XXXIV.

Oh thou, of all creation blest,
Sweet insect, that delight'st to rest
Upon the wild wood's leafy tops,
To drink the dew that morning drops,
And chirp thy song with such a glee,
That happiest kings may envy thee.
Whatever decks the velvet field,
Whate'er the circling seasons yield,
Whatever buds, whatever blows,
For thee it buds, for thee it grows.
Nor yet art thou the peasant's fear,
To him thy friendly notes are dear;
For thou art mild as matin dew;
And still, when summer's flowery hue
Begins to paint the bloomy plain,
We hear thy sweet prophetic strain;
Thy sweet prophetic strain we hear,
And bless the notes and thee revere!
The Muses love thy shrilly tone;
Apollo calls thee all his own;
'T was he who gave that voice to thee,
'T is he who tunes thy minstrelsy.

Unworn by age's dim decline,
The fadeless blooms of youth are thine.
Melodious insect, child of earth,
In wisdom mirthful, wise in mirth;

Exempt from every weak decay,
That withers vulgar frames away;
With not a drop of blood to stain
The current of thy purer vein;
So blest an age is pass'd by thee,
Thou seem'st — a little deity!

ODE XXXV.

Cupid once upon a bed
Of roses laid his weary head;
Luckless urchin, not to see
Within the leaves a slumbering bee,
The bee awaked — with anger wild
The bee awaked, and stung the child.
Loud and piteous are his cries;
To Venus quick he runs, he flies;
"Oh, mother! — I am wounded through —
I die with pain — in sooth I do!
Stung by some little angry thing,
Some serpent on a tiny wing —
A bee it was — for once, I know,
I heard a rustic call it so."
Thus he spoke, and she the while
Heard him with a soothing smile;
Then said, "My infant, if so much
Thou feel the little wild-bees touch,
How must the heart, ah, Cupid! be,
The hapless heart that's stung by thee!"

ODE XXXVI.

If hoarded gold possess'd the power
To lengthen life's too fleeting hour,
And purchase from the hand of death
A little span, a moment's breath,
How I would love the precious ore!
And every hour should swell my store;
That when Death came, with shadowy pinion,
To waft me to his black dominion,
I might, by bribes, my doom delay,
And bid him call some distant day.
But, since not all earth's golden store
Can buy for us one bright hour more,
Why should we vainly mourn our fate,
Or sigh at life's uncertain date?
Nor wealth nor grandeur can illume
The silent midnight of the tomb.
No — give to others hoarded treasures —
Mine be the brilliant round of pleasures·
The goblet rich, the board of friends,
Whose social souls the goblet blends;
And mine, while yet I 've life to live,
Those joys that love alone can give

ODE XXXVII.

'T was night, and many a circling bowl
Had deeply warm'd my thirsty soul;
As lull'd in slumber I was laid,
Bright visions o'er my fancy play'd.
With maidens, blooming as the dawn,
I seem'd to skim the opening lawn;
Light, on tiptoe bathed in dew,
We flew, and sported as we flew!

Some ruddy striplings who look'd on —
With cheeks, that like the wine-god's shone
Saw me chasing, free and wild,
These blooming maids, and slyly smiled;
Smiled indeed with wanton glee,
Though none could doubt they envied me.
And still I flew — and now had caught
The panting nymphs, and fondly thought
To gather from each rosy lip
A kiss that Jove himself might sip —
When sudden all my dreams of joys,
Blushing nymphs and laughing boys,
All were gone! — "Alas!" I said,
Sighing for th' illusion fled,
"Again, sweet sleep, that scene restore,
Oh! let me dream it o'er and o'er!"

ODE XXXVIII.

Let us drain the nectar'd bowl.
Let us raise the song of soul
To him, the god who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell;
The god who taught the sons of earth
To thrid the tangled dance of mirth;
Him, who was nursed with infant Love,
And cradled in the Paphian grove;
Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms
So oft has fondled in her arms.
Oh 't is from him the transport flows,
Which sweet intoxication knows;
With him, the brow forgets its gloom,
And brilliant graces learn to bloom.

Behold! — my boys a goblet bear,
Whose sparkling foam lights up the air.
Where are now the tear, the sigh?
To the winds they fly, they fly!
Grasp the bowl; in nectar sinking!
Man of sorrow, drown thy thinking!
Say, can the tears we lend to thought
In life's account avail us aught?
Can we discern with all our lore,
The path we 've yet to journey o'er?
Alas, alas, in ways so dark,
'T is only wine can strike a spark!

Then let me quaff the foamy tide,
And through the dance meandering glide;
Let me imbibe the spicy breath
Of odors chafed to fragrant death;
Or from the lips of love inhale
A more ambrosial, richer gale!
To hearts that court the phantom Care,
Let him retire and shroud him there·
While we exhaust the nectar'd bowl,
And swell the choral song of soul
To him, the god who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell

ODE XXXIX.

How I love the festive boy,
Tripping through the dance of joy!
How I love the mellow sage,
Smiling through the veil of age!
And whene'er this man of years
In the dance of joy appears,
Snows may o'er his head be flung,
But his heart — his heart is young.

ODE XL.

I KNOW that Heaven hath sent me here
To run this mortal life's career;
The scenes which I have journey'd o'er,
Return no more — alas! no more;
And all the path I 've yet to go,
I neither know nor ask to know.
Away, then, wizard Care, nor think
Thy fetters round this soul to link;
Never can heart that feels with me
Descend to be a slave to thee!
And oh! before the vital thrill
Which trembles at my heart, is still,
I 'll gather Joy's luxuriant flowers,
And gild with bliss my fading hours;
Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom
And Venus dance me to the tomb.

ODE XLI.

WHEN Spring adorns the dewy scene,
How sweet to walk the velvet green,
And hear the west wind's gentle sighs,
As o'er the scented mead it flies!

How sweet to mark the pouting vine,
Ready to burst in tears of wine;
And with some maid, who breathes but love,
To walk at noontide, through the grove,
Or sit in some cool, green recess —
Oh, is not this true happiness?

ODE XLII.

Yes, be the glorious revel mine,
Where humor sparkles from the wine.
Around me, let the youthful choir
Respond to my enlivening lyre;
And while the red cup foams along,
Mingle in soul as well as song.
Then, while I sit, with flow'rets crown'd,
To regulate the goblet's round,
Let but the nymph, our banquet's pride,
Be seated smiling by my side,
And earth has not a gift or power
That I would envy in that hour.
Envy! — oh never let its blight
Touch the gay hearts met here to night.
Far hence be slander's sidelong wounds,
Nor harsh disputes, nor discord's sounds
Disturb a scene, where all should be
Attuned to peace and harmony.

Come, let us hear the harp's gay note
Upon the breeze inspiring float,
While round us, kindling into love,
Young maidens through the light dance move.
Thus blest with mirth, and love, and peace,
Sure such a life should never cease.

ODE XLIII.

While our rosy fillets shed
Freshness o'er each fervid head,
With many a cup and many a smile
The festal moments we beguile.
And while the harp, impassion'd, flings
Tuneful raptures from its strings,
Some airy nymph, with graceful bound,
Keeps measure to the music's sound;
Waving, in her snowy hand,
The leafy Bacchanalian wand,
Which, as the tripping wanton flies,
Trembles all over to her sighs.
A youth the while, with loosen'd hair,
Floating on the listless air,
Sings, to the wild harp's tender tone,
A tale of woes, alas! his own;
And oh, the sadness in his sigh,
As o'er his lip the accents die!
Never sure on earth has been
Half so bright, so blest a scene.

It seems as Love himself had come
To make this spot his chosen home;
And Venus, too, with all her wiles,
And Bacchus, shedding rosy smiles,
All, all are here, to hail with me
The Genius of Festivity!

ODE XLIV.

Buds of roses, virgin flowers,
Cull'd from Cupid's balmy bowers.
In the bowl of Bacchus steep,
Till with crimson drops they weep.
Twine the rose, the garland twine,
Every leaf distilling wine;
Drink and smile, and learn to think
That we were born to smile and drink.
Rose, thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower;
Rose, thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild.
Even the Gods, who walk the sky,
Are amorous of thy scented sigh.
Cupid, too, in Paphian shades,
His hair with rosy fillet braids,
When, with the blushing, sister Graces,
The wanton winding dance he traces.
Then bring me, showers of roses bring,
And shed them o'er me while I sing,

Or while, great Bacchus, round thy shrine,
Wreathing my brow with rose and vine,
I lead some bright nymph through the dance,
Commingling soul with every glance.

ODE XLV.

Within this goblet, rich and deep,
I cradle all my woes to sleep.
Why should we breathe the sigh or tear,
Or pour the unavailing tear?
For death will never heed the sigh,
Nor soften at the tearful eye;
And eyes that sparkle, eyes that weep,
Must all alike be seal'd in sleep.
Then let us never vainly stray,
In search of thorns, from pleasure's way;
But wisely quaff the rosy wave,
Which Bacchus loves, which Bacchus gave;
And in the goblet, rich and deep,
Cradle our crying woes to sleep.

ODE XLVI.

Behold, the young, the rosy Spring,
Gives to the breeze her scented wing,
While virgin Graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way.
The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languish'd into silent sleep;
And mark! the flitting sea-birds lave
Their plumes in the reflecting wave;
While cranes from hoary winter fly
To flutter in a kinder sky.
Now the genial star of day
Dissolves the murky clouds away;
And cultured field, and winding stream,
Are freshly glittering in his beam.

Now the earth prolific swells
With leafy buds and flowery bells;
Gemming shoots the olive twine,
Clusters ripe festoon the vine;
All along the branches creeping,
Through the velvet foliage peeping
Little infant fruits we see,
Nursing into luxury.

ODE XLVII.

'T is true, my fading years decline,
Yet can I quaff the brimming wine,
As deep as any stripling fair,
Whose cheeks the flush of morning wear;
And if, amidst the wanton crew,
I 'm call'd to wind the dance's clew,
Then shalt thou see this vigorous hand,
Not faltering on the Bacchant's wand,
But brandishing a rosy flask,
The only thyrsus e'er I 'll ask!

Let those, who pant for Glory's charms,
Embrace her in the field of arms:
While my inglorious, placid soul
Breathes not a wish beyond this bowl,
Then fill it high, my ruddy slave,
And bathe me in its brimming wave,
For though my fading years decay,
Though manhood's prime hath pass'd away,
Like old Silenus, sire divine,
With blushes borrow'd from my wine
I 'll wanton 'mid the dancing train,
And live my follies o'er again!

ODE XLVIII.

When my thirsty soul I steep,
Every sorrow 's lull'd to sleep.
Talk of monarchs! I am then
Richest, happiest, first of men;
Careless o'er my cup I sing,
Fancy makes me more than king
Gives me wealthy Crœsus' store,
Can I, can I wish for more?
On my velvet couch reclining,
Ivy leaves my brow entwining,
While my soul expands with glee,
What are kings and crowns to me?
If before my feet they lay,
I would spurn them all away!
Arm ye, arm ye, men of might,
Hasten to the sanguine fight;
But let *me*, my budding vine!
Spill no other blood than thine.
Yonder brimming goblet see,
That alone shall vanquish me —
Who think it better, wiser far
To fall in banquet than in war

ODE XLIX.

When Bacchus, Jove's immortal boy,
The rosy harbinger of joy,
Who, with the sunshine of the bowl,
Thaws the winter of our soul —
When to my inmost core he glides,
And bathes it with his ruby tides,
A flow of joy, a lively heat,
Fires my brain, and wings my feet,
Calling up round me visions known
To lovers of the bowl alone.
Sing, sing of love, let music's sound
In melting cadence float around,
While, my young Venus, thou and I
Responsive to its murmurs sigh.
Then waking from our blissful trance,
Again we 'll sport, again we 'll dance.

ODE L.

When wine I quaff, before my eyes
Dreams of poetic glory rise;
And freshen'd by the goblet's dews,
My soul invokes the heavenly Muse.

When wine I drink, all sorrow 's o'er ;
I think of doubts and fears no more ;
But scatter to the railing wind
Each gloomy phantom of the mind.
When I drink wine, th' ethereal boy
Bacchus himself, partakes my joy ;
And while we dance through vernal bowers,
Whose ev'ry breath comes fresh from flowers,
In wine he makes my senses swim,
Till the gale breathes of naught but him!

Again I drink, — and, lo, there seems
A calmer light to fill my dreams ;
The lately ruffled wreath I spread
With steadier hand around my head ;
Then take the lyre, and sing "how blest
The life of him who lives at rest!"
But then comes witching wine again,
With glorious woman in its train ;
And, while rich perfumes round me rise,
That seem the breath of woman's sighs,
Bright shapes, of every hue and form,
Upon my kindling fancy swarm,
Till the whole world of beauty seems
To crowd into my dazzled dreams!

When thus I drink, my heart refines,
And rises as the cup declines ;
Rises in the genial flow,
That none but social spirits know,
When, with young revellers, round the bowl,
The old themselves grow young in soul!

Oh, when I drink, true joy is mine,
There 's bliss in every drop of wine.
All other blessings I have known,
I scarcely dared to call my own;
But this the Fates can ne'er destroy,
Till death o'ershadows all my joy.

IRISH MELODIES.

IRISH MELODIES.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
But, while fame elates thee,
  Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
  Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
  Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
  Oh! then remember me!

When, at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
  Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we 've seen it burning.
  Oh! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its ling'ring roses,

Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee,—
Oh! then remember me.

ERIN. THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eyes,
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies.
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam.
Thy suns with doubtful gleam.
Weep while they rise.

Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in heaven's sight
One arch of peace!

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled. —
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

WAR SONG

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.

Remember the glories of Brien the brave,
Tho' the days of the hero are o'er;
Tho' lost to Mononia, and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora no more.
That star of the field, which so often hath pour'd
Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword,
To light us to victory yet.

Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of slavery there?
No! Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 't is sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood
In the day of distress by our side;
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died.
That sun which now blesses our arms with his light,
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain;—
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain.

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid:
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wand.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

'Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm: —
For though they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honor and virtue more!"

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle,
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honor and Erin's pride.

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS MAY GLOW.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting —

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright ray
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,
It may smile in its light, but it blooms not again.

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

WRITTEN ON RETURNING A BLANK BOOK.

Take back the virgin page,
White and unwritten still;
Some hand, more calm and sage
The leaf must fill.
Thoughts come, as pure as light,
Pure as even *you* require:
But, oh! each word I write
Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book.
Oft shall my heart renew,
When on its leaves I look,
Dear thoughts of you.
Like you, 't is fair and bright,
Like you too bright and fair
To let wild passion write
One wrong wish there.

Haply, when from those eyes
Far, far away I roam,
Should calmer thoughts arise
Tow'rds you and home;
Fancy may trace some line,
Worthy those eyes to meet,
Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
Pure, calm, and sweet.

And as, o'er ocean far,
Seamen their records keep,
Led by some hidden star
Through the cold deep;
So may the words I write
Tell thro' what storms I stray —
You still the unseen light
Guiding my way.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD

Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from her proud invader,
When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger;—
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve 's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining;
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long faded glories they cover

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

Oh! weep for the hour,
When to Eveleen's bower
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came;
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.

The clouds pass'd soon
From the chaste cold moon,
And heaven smiled again with her vestal flame
But none will see the day,
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay
On the narrow path-way,
When the Lord of the Valley cross'd over the moor;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint
Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.

The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false Lord came,
But there 's a light above
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Oh . the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove ;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there 's nothing half so sweet in life,
As love's young dream :
No, there 's nothing half so sweet in life,
As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth 's past ;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last ;
He 'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one loved name.

No, — that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced ;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.

'T was odor fled
As soon as shed;
'T was morning's winged dream;
'T was a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream;
Oh! 't was light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

ERIN, OH ERIN.

Like the bright lamp, that shone in Kildar's holy fane,
And burn'd thro' long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.
Erin, oh Erin, thus bright thro' the tears
Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set;
And tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet
Erin, oh Erin, tho' long in the shade,
Thy star shall shine out when the proudest shall fade.

Unchlll'd by the rain, and unwaked by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping thro' winter's cold hour,
Till Spring's light torch her fetters unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.
Thus Erin, oh Erin, *thy* winter is past,
And the hope that lived thro' it shall blossom at last.

I'D MOURN THE HOPES.

I 'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
If thy smiles had left me too,
I 'd weep when friends deceive me,
If thou wert, like them, untrue.
But while I 've thee before me,
With hearts so warm and eyes so bright,
No clouds can linger o'er me,
That smile turns them all to light.

'T is not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me;
'T is not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shared with thee.
One minute's dream about thee
Were worth a long, an endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear!

And though the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on, love,
More safely, without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me
Along the path I 've yet to roam: —
The mind that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home

Thus when the lamp that lighted
The traveller at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks round in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds.

OH THE SHAMROCK.

Through Erin's Isle,
To sport awhile,
As Love and Valor wander'd,
With Wit, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander'd.
Where'er they pass,
A triple grass
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As emeralds seen
Through purest crystal gleaming.
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf,
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

Says Valor, "See
They spring for me,
Those leafy gems of morning!"—
Says Love, "No, no,
For *me* they grow,
My fragrant path adorning."
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries, "Oh! do not sever
A type, that blends
Three godlike friends,
Love, Valor, Wit, for ever!"
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

So firmly fond
May last the bond
They wove that morn together,
And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On Wit's celestial feather.
May Love, as twine
His flowers divine,
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em;
May Valor ne'er
His standard rear
Against the cause of Freedom!
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock

FAREWELL! — BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

Farewell! — but whenever you welcome the hour,
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain,
But he ne'er will forget the short vision, that threw
Its enchantment around him, while ling'ring with you

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy,
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd—
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

'T IS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

'T is the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I 'll not leave thee, thou lone one
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay.
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone!

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That, ev'n in sorrow, were sweet!
Does Time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear?—
Then, child of misfortune, come hither,
I 'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul, so tender,
Been like our Lagenian mine,
Where sparkles of golden splendor
All over the surface shine—
But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
Allured by the gleam that shone,
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
Like Love, the bright ore is gone

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,
That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glitt'ring glory—
Has Hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And, when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the young hours have fleeted,
When sorrow itself look'd bright;
If thus the fair hope hath cheated,
That led thee along so light;
If thus the cold world now wither
Each feeling that once was dear -
Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp swung behind him. —
"Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! — but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery."

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF OUR OWN.

Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers
Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love, as they loved in the first golden time
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there.
With affection as free
From decline as the bowers,
And, with hope, like the bee,
Living always on flowers,
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on, holy and calm as the night.

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.
Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when through the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
From the starr'd dominions: —
So we, Sages, sit,
And 'mid bumpers bright'ning,
From the Heaven of Wit
Draw down all its lightning.

Wouldst thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit?

It chanced upon that day,
When, as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warm us

The careless Youth, when up
To Glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup
To hide the pilfer'd fire in. —
But oh his joy, when round
The halls of Heaven spying,
Among the stars he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying!

Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure
With which the Sparks of Soul
Mix'd their burning treasure.
Hence the goblet's shower
Hath such spells to win us;
Hence its mighty power
O'er that flame within us;
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

As slow our ship her foamy track
  Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
  To that dear Isle 't was leaving.
So loath we part from all we love,
  From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts as on we rove,
  To those we 've left behind us.

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
  We talk, with joyous seeming, —
With smiles that might as well be tears,
  So faint, and sad their beaming;
While mem'ry brings us back again
  Each early tie that twined us,
Oh, sweet 's the cup that circles then
  To those we 've left behind us.

And when, in other climes, we meet
  Some isle, or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flow'ry, wild, and sweet,
  And naught but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss,
  If Heav'n had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this,
  With some we 've left behind us!

As trav'lers oft look back at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing, —
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;
Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night, —
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own,
And the light that surrounds us is all from within;
Oh 't is not, believe me, in that happy time
We can love, as in hours of less transport we may; –
Of our smiles, of our hopes, 't is the gay sunny prime,
But affection is truest when these fade away.

When we see the first glory of youth pass us by,
Like a leaf on the stream that will never return;
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
First tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn;
Then, then is the time when affection holds sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;
Love, nursed among pleasures, is faithless as they,
But the Love born of Sorrow, like Sorrow, is true.

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid the flowers,
Their sighs have no freshness, their odor no worth;
'T is the cloud and the mist of our own Isle of showers,
That call the rich spirit of fragrancy forth.
So it is not mid splendor, prosperity, mirth,
That the depth of Love's generous spirit appears;
To the sunshine of smiles it may first owe its birth,
But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears

WHERE IS THE SLAVE.

Oh, where's the slave so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decay'd it,
When thus its wing
At once may spring
To the throne of Him who made it?

Farewell, Erin, — farewell, all,
Who live to weep our fall!

Less dear the laurel growing,
Alive, untouch'd and blowing,
Than that, whose braid
Is pluck'd to shade
The brows with victory glowing.
We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us.

Farewell, Erin, — Farewell, all,
Who live to weep our fall!

WREATH THE BOWL.

Wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We 'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.
Should Love amid
The wreaths be hid,
That Joy, th' enchanter, brings us,
No danger fear,
While wine is near,
We 'll drown him if he stings us;
Then, wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us·
We 'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

'T was nectar fed
Of old, 't is said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
And man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt 's as follows
Take wine like this,
Let looks of bliss

Around it well be blended,
Then bring Wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there 's your nectar, splendid
So wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We 'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

Say, why did Time,
His glass sublime,
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine, he knew,
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly?
Oh, lend it us,
And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we 'll sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends forever!
Then wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us
We 'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

By the hope within us springing,
  Herald of to-morrow's strife;
By that sun, whose light is bringing
  Chains or freedom, death or life —
Oh! remember life can be
No charm for him, who lives not free!
  Like the day-star in the wave,
  Sinks a hero in his grave,
Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears.

  Happy is he o'er whose decline
  The smiles of home may soothing shine,
And light him down the steep of years: —
  But oh, how blest they sink to rest,
  Who close their eyes on Victory's breast

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
  Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
When his heart that field remembers,
  Where we tamed his tyrant might.
Never let him bind again
A chain, like that we broke from then.
  Hark! the horn of combat calls —
  Ere the golden evening falls,
May we pledge that horn in triumph round!

Many a heart that now beats high,
In slumber cold at night shall lie,
Nor waken even at victory's sound: —
But oh, how blest that hero's sleep,
O'er whom a wond'ring world shall weep

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Night closed around the conqueror's way,
And lightnings show'd the distant hill,
Where those who lost that dreadful day,
Stood few and faint, but fearless still.
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever cross'd —
Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honor 's lost?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
And valor's task, moved slowly by,
While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
Should rise and give them light to die.
There s yet a world, where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss; —
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

One bumper at parting! — though many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any,
Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure hath in it,
Is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas, till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth.
But come, — may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They 're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit awhile
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
But Time, like a pitiless master,
Cries "Onward!" and spurs the gay hour —
Ah, never doth Time travel faster,
Than when his way lies among flowers.
But come, — may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They 're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

We saw how the sun look'd in sinking,
The waters beneath him how bright;

And now, let our farewell of drinking
Resemble that farewell of light.
You saw how he finish'd, by darting
His beam o'er a billow's brim —
So, fill up, let 's shine at our parting,
In full liquid glory, like him.
And oh! may our life's happy measure
Of moments like this be made up,
'T was born on the bosom of Pleasure,
It dies 'mid the tears of the cup

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT

While gazing on the moon's light,
A moment from her smile I turn'd,
To look at orbs, that, more bright,
In lone and distant glory burn'd.
But *too* far
Each proud star,
For me to feel its warming flame,
Much more dear
That mild sphere,
Which near our planet smiling came; —
Thus, Mary, be but thou my own;
While brighter eyes unheeded play,
I 'll love those moonlight looks alone,
That bless my home and guide my way.

The day had sunk in dim showers,
But midnight now, with lustre meet,
Illumined all the pale flowers,
Like hope upon a mourner's cheek.
I said (while
The moon's smile
Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss),
"The moon looks
On many brooks;
The brook can see no moon but this;"
And thus, I thought, our fortunes run.
For many a lover looks to thee,
While oh! I feel there is but *one*,
One Mary in the world for me.

COME O'ER THE SEA.

Come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.
Let fate frown on, so we love and part not;
'T is life where *thou* art, 't is death where thou 'rt not
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me.

Come wherever the wild wind blows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes

Was not the sea
Made for the Free,
Land for courts and chains alone?
Here we are slaves,
But, on the waves,
Love and Liberty 's all our own.
No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us —
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 't is not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt 's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
And thy Angel I 'll be, 'mid the horrors of this, —
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, — or perish there too!

WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.

Whene'er I see those smiling eyes,
So full of hope, and joy, and light,
As if no cloud could ever rise,
To dim a heav'n so purely bright —
I sigh to think how soon that brow
In grief may lose its every ray,
And that light heart, so joyous now,
Almost forget it once was gay.

For time will come with all its blights,
The ruin'd hope, the friend unkind,
And love, that leaves, where'er it lights,
A chill or burning heart behind: —
While youth, that now like snow appears,
Ere sullied by the dark'ning rain,
When once 't is touch'd by sorrow's tears,
Can never shine so bright again.

ON MUSIC.

When thro' life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we used to love,
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain.
Wakening thoughts that long have slept
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale, that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours;
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music, oh how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are ev'n more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly sooth and not betray.

SHE SUNG OF LOVE.

She sung of Love, while o'er her lyre
The rosy rays of evening fell,
As if to feed, with their soft fire,
The soul within that trembling shell.
The same rich light hung o'er her cheek,
And play'd around those lips that sung
And spoke, as flowers would sing and speak,
If Love could lend their leaves a tongue.

But soon the West no longer burn'd,
Each rosy ray from heav'n withdrew ·
And when, to gaze again I turn'd,
The minstrel's form seem'd fading too.
As if *her* light and heav'n's were one
The glory all had left that frame;
And from her glimmering lips the tone,
As from a parting spirit, came.

Who ever loved, but had the thought
That he and all he loved must part?
Fill'd with this fear, I flew and caught
The fading image to my heart —
And cried, "Oh Love! is this thy doom!
Oh light of youth's resplendent day!
Must ye then lose your golden bloom,
And thus, like sunshine, die away?"

ALONE IN CROWDS TO WANDER ON.

Alone in crowds to wander on,
And feel that all the charm is gone
Which voices dear and eyes beloved
Shed round us once, where'er we roved —
This, this the doom must be,
Of all who 've loved, and lived to see
The few bright things they thought would stay
Forever near them, die away.

Tho' fairer forms around us throng,
Their smiles to others all belong,
And want that charm which dwells alone
Round those the fond heart calls its own.
Where, where the sunny brow?
The long-known voice — where are they now?
Thus ask I still, nor ask in vain,
The silence answers all too plain.

Oh, what is Fancy's magic worth,
If all her art cannot call forth
One bliss like those we felt of old
From lips now mute, and eyes now cold?
No, no, — her spell is vain, —
As soon could she bring back again
Those eyes themselves from out the grave,
As wake again one bliss they gave.

THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART.

THEY know not my heart, who believe there can be
One stain of this earth in its feelings for thee;
Who think, while I see thee in beauty's young hour
As pure as the morning's first dew on the flow'r,
I could harm what I love,—as the sun's wanton ray
But smiles on the dew-drop to waste it away.

No — beaming with light as those young features are
There 's a light round thy heart which is lovelier far:
It *is* not that check — 't is the soul dawning clear
Thro' its innocent blush makes thy beauty so dear;
As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,
Is look'd up to the more, because Heaven lies there!

ECHO.

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star.
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar
The songs repeat.

'T is when the sigh, in youth sincere,
And only then, —
The sigh that 's breathed for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breathed back again!

THO' THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN WITH SORROW I SEE.

Tho' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

And I 'll gaze on thy gold hair as graceful it wreaths,
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.

AS VANQUISH'D ERIN

As vanquish'd Erin wept beside
The Boyne's ill-fated river.
She saw where Discord, in the tide,
Had lropp'd his loaded quiver.
"Lie hid," she cried, "ye venom'd darts,
Where mortal eye may shun you;
Lie hid — the stain of manly hearts,
That bled for me, is on you."

But vain her wish, her weeping vain, —
As Time too well hath taught her —
Each year the Fiend returns again,
And dives into that water;
And brings, triumphant, from beneath
His shafts of desolation,
And sends them, wing'd with worse than death,
Through all her madd'ning nation.

Alas for her who sits and mourns,
Ev'n now, beside that river —
Unwearied still the Fiend returns,
And stored is still his quiver.
"When will this end, ye Powers of Good?"
She weeping asks for ever;
But only hears, from out that flood,
The Demon answer, "Never!"

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

Weep on, weep on, your hour is past;
Your dreams of pride are o'er;
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are men no more.
In vain the hero's heart hath bled;
The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain;
Oh, Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again.

Weep on — perhaps in after days,
They'll learn to love your name;
When many a deed may wake in praise
That long hath slept in blame.
And when they tread the ruin'd Isle,
Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
They'll wond'ring ask, how hands so vile
Could conquer hearts so brave?

"'T was fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate
Your web of discord wove;
And while your tyrants join'd in hate,
You never join'd in love.
But hearts fell off that ought to twine,
And man profaned what God had given.
Till some were heard to curse the shrine
Where others knelt to heaven!"

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But, so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness,
That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine.
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 't is thy glory alone;
I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.

In yonder valley there dwelt, alone,
A youth, whose moments had calmly flown,
Till spells came o'er him, and, day and night,
He was haunted and watch'd by a Mountain Sprite.

As once, by moonlight, he wander'd o'er
The golden sands of that island shore,
A footprint sparkled before his sight —
'T was the fairy foot of the Mountain Sprite!

Beside a fountain, one sunny day,
As bending over the stream he lay,
There peep'd down o'er him two eyes of light,
And he saw in that mirror the Mountain Sprite.

He turn'd, but, lo, like a startled bird,
That spirit fled! — and the youth but heard
Sweet music, such as marks the flight
Of some bird of song, from the Mountain Sprite.

One night, still haunted by that bright look,
The boy, bewilder'd, his pencil took,
And, guided only by memory's light,
Drew the once-seen form of the Mountain Sprite.

"Oh thou, who lovest the shadow," cried
A voice, low whisp'ring by his side,
"Now turn and see," — here the youth's delight
Seal'd the rosy lips of the Mountain Sprite

"Of all the Spirits of land and sea,"
Then rapt he murmur'd, "there 's none like thee;
And oft, oh oft, may thy foot thus light
In this lonely bower, sweet Mountain Sprite!"

LAY HIS SWORD BY HIS SIDE.

Lay his sword by his side, it hath served him too well
Not to rest near his pillow below;
To the last moment true, from his hand ere it fell,
Its point was still turn'd to a flying foe.
Fellow-lab'rers in life, let them slumber in death,
Side by side, as becomes the reposing brave, —
That sword which he loved still unbroke in its sheath,
And himself unsubdued in his grave.

Yet pause — for, in fancy, a still voice I hear,
As if breathed from his brave heart's remains, —
Faint echo of that which, in Slavery's ear,
Once sounded the war-word, "Burst your chains!"
And it cries, from the grave where the hero lies deep,
"Tho' the day of your Chieftain forever hath set,
O leave not his sword thus inglorious to sleep, —
It hath victory's life in it yet!

"Should some alien, unworthy such weapon to wield,
Dare to touch thee, my own gallant sword,
Then rest in thy sheath, like a talisman seal'd,
Or return to the grave of thy chainless lord.
But, if grasp'd by a hand that hath learn'd the proud use
Of a falchion, like thee, on the battle-plain, —
Then, at Liberty's summons, like lightning let loose,
Leap forth from thy dark sheath again!"

OH, COULD WE DO WITH THIS WORLD OF OURS.

Oh, could we do with this world of ours
As thou dost with thy garden bowers,
Reject the weeds and keep the flowers,
  What a heaven on earth we 'd make it!
So bright a dwelling should be our own,
So warranted free from sigh or frown,
That angels soon would be coming down,
  By the week or month to take it.

Like those gay flies that wing through air,
And in themselves a lustre bear,
A stock of light, still ready there,
  Whenever they wish to use it;
So, in this world I 'd make for thee,
Our hearts should all like fire-flies be,
And the flash of wit or poesy
  Break forth whenever we choose it.

While ev'ry joy that glads our sphere
Hath still some shadow hov'ring near,
In this new world of ours, my dear,
  Such shadows will all be omitted: —
Unless they 're like that graceful one,
Which, when thou 'rt dancing in the sun,
Still near thee, leaves a charm upon
  Each spot where it hath flitted!

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

Forget not the field where they perish'd,
The truest, the last of the brave,
All gone — and the bright hope we cherish'd
Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave

Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts as they bounded before,
In the face of high heav'n to fight over
That combat for freedom once more; —

Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then,
No, 't is not in Man, nor in Heaven,
To let Tyranny bind it again!

But 't is past — and tho' blazon'd in story
The name of our Victor may be,
Accursed is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all, who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame.

IF THOU 'LT BE MINE.

If thou 'lt be mine, the treasures of air,
Of earth, and sea, shall lie at thy feet;
Whatever in Fancy's eye looks fair,
Or in Hope's sweet music sounds *most* sweet,
Shall be ours — if thou wilt be mine, love!

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream;
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream
In our eyes — if thou wilt be mine, love!

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,
Like streams, that come from heaven-ward hills,
Shall keep our hearts, like meads, that lie
To be bathed by those eternal rills,
Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love!

All this and more the Spirit of Love
Can breathe o'er them, who feel his spells;
That heaven, which forms his home above,
He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,
As thou 'lt own, — if thou wilt be mine, love

SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark —
  Wherever blows the welcome wind,
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
  More sad than those we leave behind.
Each wave that passes seems to say,
  "Though death beneath our smile may be,
Less cold we are, less false than they,
  Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and thee."

Sail on, sail on, — through endless space —
  Through calm — through tempest — stop no more:
The stormiest sea 's a resting-place
  To him who leaves such hearts on shore.
Or — if some desert land we meet,
  Where never yet false-hearted men
Profaned a world, that else were sweet, —
  Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet,
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'T was *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no, — it was something more exquisite still.

'T was that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her, sighing:
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking; —
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When half-awaking from fearful slumbers,
He thinks the full quire of heaven is near, —
Than came that voice, when, all forsaken,
This heart long had sleeping lain,
Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
To such benign, blessed sounds again.

Sweet voice of comfort! 't was like the stealing
Of summer wind thro' some wreathed shell —
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echoed to its spell.
'T was whisper'd balm — 't was sunshine spoken! —
I'd live years of grief and pain
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign, blessed sounds again

DRINK TO HER

Drink to her, who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy.
Oh! woman's heart was made
For minstrel hands alone;
By other fingers play'd,
It yields not half the tone.
Then here 's to her, who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy

At Beauty's door of glass,
When Wealth and Wit once stood,
They ask'd her, "*which* might pass?"
She answer'd, "he, who could."
With golden key Wealth thought
To pass — but 't would not do:
While Wit a diamond brought,
Which cut his bright way through.
So here 's to her, who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

The love that seeks a home
Where wealth or grandeur shines,

Is like the gloomy gnome,
That dwells in dark gold mines.
But oh! the poet's love
Can boast a brighter sphere;
Its native home 's above,
Tho' woman keeps it here.
Then drink to her, who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

Down in the valley come meet me to-night,
And I 'll tell you your fortune truly
As ever was told, by the new-moon's light,
To a young maiden, shining as newly

But, for the world, let no one be nigh,
Lest haply the stars should deceive me,
Such secrets between you and me and the sky
Should never go farther, believe me.

If at that hour the heav'ns be not dim,
My science shall call up before you
A male apparition, the image of him
Whose destiny 't is to adore you

And if to that phantom you 'll be kind,
So fondly around you he 'll hover,
You 'll hardly, my dear, any difference find
'Twixt him and a true living lover.

Down at your feet, in the pale moonlight,
He 'll kneel, with a warmth of devotion —
An ardor, of which such an innocent sprite
You 'd scarcely believe had a notion.

What other thoughts and events may arise,
As in destiny's book I 've not seen them,
Must only be left to the stars and your eyes
To settle, ere morning, between them.

NATIONAL AIRS.

NATIONAL AIRS.

A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP

[SPANISH AIR.]

"A TEMPLE to Friendship," said Laura, enchanted,
I 'll build in this garden, — the thought is divine!"
Her temple was built, and she now only wanted
An image of Friendship to place on the shrine.
She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her
A Friendship, the fairest his art could invent;
But so cold and so dull, that the youthful adorer
Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant.

"Oh! never," she cried, "could I think of enshrining
An image, whose looks are so joyless and dim; —
But yon little god, upon roses reclining,
We 'll make, if you please, Sir, a Friendship of him"
So the bargain was struck; with the little god laden
She joyfully flew to her shrine in the grove:
"Farewell," said the sculptor, "you 're not the first maiden
Who came but for Friendship and took away Love."

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

[INDIAN AIR.]

All that 's bright must fade, —
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that s sweet was made,
But to be lost when sweetest.
Stars that shine and fall; —
The flower that drops in springing; —
These, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.
All that 's bright must fade, —
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that 's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!

Who would seek or prize
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking?
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than to be bless'd with light and see
That light forever flying.
All tha 's bright must fade, —
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that 's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!

REASON, FOLLY AND BEAUTY

[ITALIAN AIR.]

Reason, and Folly, and Beauty, they say,
Went on a party of pleasure one day:
Folly play'd
Around the maid,
The bells of his cap rung merrily out;
While Reason took
To his sermon-book —
Oh! which was the pleasanter no one need doubt,
Which was the pleasanter no one need doubt.

Beauty, who likes to be thought very sage,
Turn'd for a moment to Reason's dull page,
Till Folly said,
"Look here, sweet maid!" —
The sight of his cap brought her back to herself;
While Reason read
His leaves of lead,
With no one to mind him, poor sensible elf!
No, — no one to mind him, poor sensible elf.

Then Reason grew jealous of Folly's gay cap
Had he that on, he her heart might entrap —
"There it is,"
Quoth Folly, "old quiz!"

(Folly was always good-natured, 't is said,)
"Under the sun
There 's no such fun,
As Reason with my cap and bells on his head,
Reason with my cap and bells on his head!"

But Reason the head-dress so awkwardly wore,
That Beauty now liked him still less than before;
While Folly took
Old Reason's book,
And twisted the leaves in a cap of such *ton*,
That Beauty vow'd
(Though not aloud)
She liked him still better in that than his own,
Yes, — liked him still better in that than his own.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

[AIR. — THE BELLS OF ST. PETERSBURGH.]

THOSE evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are pass'd away;
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't will be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

THERE COMES A TIME.

[GERMAN AIR.]

THERE comes a time, a dreary time,
To him whose heart hath flown
O'er all the fields of youth's sweet prime,
And made each flower its own.
'T is when his soul must first renounce
Those dreams so bright, so fond;
Oh! then 's the time to die at once,
For life has naught beyond.

When sets the sun on Afric's shore,
That instant all is night;
And so should life at once be o'er,
When Love withdraws his light;—
Nor, like our northern day, gleam on
Through twilight's dim delay,
The cold remains of lustre gone,
Of fire long pass'd away

LOVE AND HOPE.

[SWISS AIR.]

At morn, beside yon summer sea,
Young Hope and Love reclined;
But scarce had noontide come, when he
Into his bark leap'd smilingly,
And left poor Hope behind.

"I go," said Love, "to sail awhile
Across this sunny main;"
And then so sweet his parting smile,
That Hope, who never dream'd of guile,
Believed he 'd come again.

She linger'd there till evening's beam
Along the waters lay;
And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream,
Oft traced his name, which still the stream
As often wash'd away.

At length a sail appears in sight,
And tow'rds the maiden moves!
'T is Wealth that comes, and gay and bright,
His golden bark reflects the light,
But ah! it is not Love's.

Another sail — 't was Friendship show'd
Her night-lamp o'er the sea;
And calm the light that lamp bestow'd;
But Love had lights that warmer glow'd,
And where, alas! was he?

Now fast around the sea and shore
Night threw her darkling chain;
The sunny sails were seen no more,
Hope's morning dreams of bliss were o'er,—
Love never came again.

THE CRYSTAL-HUNTERS.

[SWISS AIR.]

O'ER mountains bright
With snow and light,
We Crystal-Hunters speed along;
While rocks and caves
And icy waves,
Each instant echo to our song;
And, when we meet with store of gems,
We grudge not kings their diadems.
O'er mountains bright
With snow and light.

We Crystal-Hunters speed along;
While grots and caves,
And icy waves,
Each instant echo to our song.

Not half so oft the lover dreams
Of sparkles from his lady's eyes,
As we of those refreshing gleams
That tell where deep the crystal lies
Though, next to crystal, we too grant
That ladies' eyes may most enchant.
O'er mountains bright, &c.

Sometimes, when on the Alpine rose
The golden sunset leaves its ray,
So like a gem the flow'ret glows,
We thither bend our headlong way;
And, though we find no treasure there,
We bless the rose that shines so fair.
O'er mountains bright
With snow and light,
We Crystal-Hunters speed along;
While rocks and caves,
And icy waves,
Each instant echo to our song.

FARE THEE WELL, THOU LOVELY ONE!

[SICILIAN AIR.]

FARE thee well, thou lovely one!
Lovely still, but dear no more;
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er.
Thy words, whate'er their flatt'ring spell,
Could scarce have thus deceived;
But eyes that acted truth so well
Were sure to be believed.
Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one.
Lovely still, but dear no more;
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er.

Yet those eyes look constant still,
True as stars they keep their light;
Still those cheeks their pledge fulfil
Of blushing always bright.
'T is only on thy changeful heart
The blame of falsehood lies;
Love lives in every other part,
But there, alas! he dies.
Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one!
Lovely still, but dear no more;
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er

GAYLY SOUNDS THE CASTANET

[MALTESE AIR.]

Gayly sounds the castanet,
Beating time to bounding feet,
When, after daylight's golden set,
Maids and youths by moonlight meet.
Oh, then, how sweet to move
Through all that maze of mirth,
Led by light from eyes we love
Beyond all eyes on earth.

Then, the joyous banquet spread
On the cool and fragrant ground,
With heav'n's bright sparklers overhead,
And still brighter sparkling round.
Oh, then, how sweet to say
Into some loved one's ear,
Thoughts reserved through many a day
To be thus whisper'd here.

When the dance and feast are done.
Arm in arm as home we stray,
How sweet to see the dawning sun
O'er her cheek's warm blushes play!
Then, too, the farewell kiss —
The words, whose parting tone
Lingers still in dreams of bliss,
That haunt young hearts alone.

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

[SCOTCH AIR.]

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I 've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather
I feel like one,
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted.
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garland 's dead,
And all but he departed!

Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me

PEACE BE AROUND THEE.

[SCOTCH AIR.]

PEACE be around thee, wherever thou rovest;
May life be for thee one summer's day,
And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lovest,
Come smiling around thy sunny way!
If sorrow e'er this calm should break,
May even thy tears pass off so lightly,
Like spring-showers, they 'll only make
The smiles that follow shine more brightly.

May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,
And daily dooms some joy to death,
O'er thee let years so gently fall,
They shall not crush one flower beneath.
As half in shade and half in sun
This world along its path advances,
May that side the sun 's upon
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances!

ROW GENTLY HERE.

[VENETIAN AIR.]

Row gently here,
My gondolier,
So softly wake the tide,
That not an ear
On earth may hear,
But hers to whom we glide.
Had Heaven but tongues to speak, as well
As starry eyes to see,
Oh, think what tales 't would have to tell
Of wandering youths like me!

Now rest thee here,
My gondolier;
Hush, hush, for up I go,
To climb yon light
Balcony's height,
While thou keep'st watch below.
Ah! did we take for Heaven above
But half such pains as we
Take, day and night, for woman's love,
What Angels we should be!

MY HARP HAS ONE UNCHANGING THEME.

[SWEDISH AIR.]

My harp has one unchanging theme,
  One strain that still comes o'er
Its languid chord, as 't were a dream
  Of joy that 's now no more.
In vain I try, with livelier air,
  To wake the breathing string;
That voice of other times is there,
  And saddens all I sing.

Breathe on, breathe on, thou languid strain,
  Henceforth be all my own;
Though thou art oft so full of pain
  Few hearts can bear thy tone.
Yet oft thou 'rt sweet, as if the sigh,
  The breath that Pleasure's wings
Gave out, when last they wanton'd by
  Were still upon thy strings.

COME, CHASE THAT STARTING TEAR AWAY.

[FRENCH AIR.]

Come, chase that starting tear away,
Ere mine to meet it springs;
To-night, at least, to-night be gay,
Whate'er to-morrow brings.
Like sunset gleams, that linger late
When all is dark'ning fast,
Are hours like these we snatch from Fate —
The brightest, and the last.
Then, chase that starting tear, &c.

To gild the deep'ning gloom, if Heaven
But one bright hour allow,
Oh, think that one bright hour is given,
In all its splendor, now.
Let 's live it out — then sink in night,
Like waves that from the shore
One minute swell, are touch'd with light,
Then lost for evermore!
Come, chase that starting tear, &c.

WHO'LL BUY MY LOVE-KNOTS?

[PORTUGUESE AIR.]

Hymen, late his love-knots selling,
Call'd at many a maiden's dwelling,
None could doubt, who saw or knew them,
Hymen's call was welcome to them.
"Who 'll buy my love-knots?
Who 'll buy my love-knots?"
Soon as that sweet cry resounded,
How his baskets were surrounded!

Maids, who now first dream'd of trying
These gay knots of Hymen's tying;
Dames, who long had sat to watch him
Passing by, but ne'er could catch him;
"Who 'll buy my love-knots?
Who 'll buy my love-knots?"—
All at that sweet cry assembled;
Some laugh'd, some blush'd, and some trembled

"Here are knots," said Hymen, taking
Some loose flowers, "of Love's own making
Here are gold ones — you may trust 'em"—
(These, of course, found ready custom,)
"Come, buy my love-knots!
Come, buy my love-knots!
Some are labell'd 'Knots to tie men —
Love the maker — Bought of Hymen.'"

Scarce their bargains were completed,
When the nymphs all cried, "We 're cheated!
See these flowers — they 're drooping sadly;
This gold-knot, too, ties but badly —
Who 'd buy such love-knots?
Who 'd buy such love-knots?
Even this tie, with Love's name round it -
All a sham — He never bound it."

Love, who saw the whole proceeding,
Would have laugh'd, but for good-breeding;
While Old Hymen, who was used to
Cries like that these dames gave loose to —
"Take back our love-knots!
Take back our love-knots!"
Coolly said, "There 's no returning
Wares on Hymen's hands — Good morning!"

BRIGHT BE THY DREAMS.

[WELSH AIR.]

Bright be thy dreams — may all thy weeping
Turn into smiles while thou art sleeping.
May those by death or seas removed,
The friends, who in thy spring-time knew thee,
All, thou hast ever prized or loved,
In dreams come smiling to thee!

There may the child, whose love lay deepest,
Dearest of all, come while thou sleepest;
Still as she was — no charm forgot —
No lustre lost that life had given;
Or, if changed, but changed to what
Thou 'lt find her yet in Heaven!

LIKE ONE WHO, DOOM'D.

Like one who, doom'd o'er distant seas,
His weary path to measure,
When home at length, with fav'ring breeze,
He brings the far-sought treasure;

His ship, in sight of shore, goes down,
That shore to which he hasted;
And all the wealth he thought his own
Is o'er the waters wasted.

Like him, this heart, thro' many a track
Of toil and sorrow straying,
One hope alone brought fondly back,
Its toil and grief repaying.

Like him, alas, I see that ray
Of hope before me perish,
And one dark minute sweep away
What years were given to cherish.

THOUGH 'T IS ALL BUT A DREAM.

[FRENCH AIR.]

THOUGH 't is all but a dream at the best,
And still, when happiest, soonest o'er,
Yet, even in a dream, to be bless'd
Is so sweet, that I ask for no more.
The bosom that opes
With earliest hopes,
The soonest finds those hopes untrue;
As flowers that first
In spring-time burst
The earliest wither too!
Ay — 't is all but a dream, &c.

Though by Friendship we oft are deceived,
And find Love's sunshine soon o'ercast,
Yet Friendship will still be believed,
And Love trusted on to the last.
The web 'mong the leaves
The spider weaves
Is like the charm Hope hangs o'er men,
Though often she sees
'T is broke by the breeze,
She spins the bright tissue again.
Ay — 't is all but a dream, &c.

JOYS OF YOUTH, NOW FLEETING!

[PORTUGUESE AIR.]

Whisp'rings, heard by wakeful maids,
To whom the night-stars guide us;
Stolen walks through moonlight shades
With those we love beside us,
Hearts beating,
At meeting;
Tears starting,
At parting;
Oh, sweet youth, how soon it fades!
Sweet joys of youth, how fleeting!

Wand'rings far away from home,
With life all new before us;
Greetings warm, when home we come,
From hearts whose prayers watch'd o'er us.
Tears starting,
At parting;
Hearts beating,
At meeting;
Oh, sweet youth, how lost on some!
To some, how bright and fleeting!

LOVE IS A HUNTER-BOY.

[LANGUEDOCIAN AIR.]

Love is a hunter-boy,
  Who makes young hearts his prey
And, in his nets of joy,
  Ensnares them night and day.
In vain conceal'd they lie —
  Love tracks them everywhere;
In vain aloft they fly —
  Love shoots them flying there.

But 't is his joy most sweet,
  At early dawn to trace
The print of Beauty's feet,
  And give the trembler chase.
And if, through virgin snow,
  He tracks her footsteps fair.
How sweet for Love to know
  None went before him there

FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

[PORTUGUESE AIR.]

Flow on, thou shining river:
  But, ere thou reach the sea,
Seek Ella's bower, and give her
  The wreaths I fling o'er thee.
And tell her thus, if she 'll be mine
  The current of our lives shall be,
With joys along their course to shine,
  Like those sweet flowers on thee.

But if, in wand'ring thither,
  Thou find'st she mocks my prayer,
Then leave those wreaths to wither
  Upon the cold bank there;
And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,
  Her lone and loveless charms shall be
Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,
  Like those sweet flowers from thee.

GO, THEN — 'T IS VAIN.

[SICILIAN AIR.]

Go, then — 't is vain to hover
  Thus round a hope that 's dead;
At length my dream is over;
  'T was sweet — 't was false — 't is fled!
Farewell! since naught it moves thee,
  Such truth as mine to see —
Some one, who far less loves thee,
  Perhaps more bless'd will be.

Farewell, sweet eyes, whose brightness
  New life around me shed;
Farewell, false heart, whose lightness
  Now leaves me death instead.
Go, now, those charms surrender
  To some new lover's sigh —
One who, though far less tender
  May be more bless'd than I.

WHERE SHALL WE BURY OUR SHAME

[NEAPOLITAN AIR.]

Where shall we bury our shame?
Where, in what desolate place,
Hide the last wreck of a name
Broken and stain'd by disgrace?
Death may dissever the chain,
Oppression will cease when we're gone
But the dishonor, the stain,
Die as we may, will live on.

Was it for this we sent out
Liberty's cry from our shore?
Was it for this that her shout
Thrill'd to the world's very core?
Thus to live cowards and slaves!—
Oh, ye free hearts that lie dead,
Do you not, ev'n in your graves,
Shudder, as o'er you we tread?

TAKE HENCE THE BOWL.

[NEAPOLITAN AIR.]

TAKE hence the bowl; — though beaming
Brightly as bowl e'er shone,
Oh, it but sets me dreaming
Of happy days now gone.
There, in its clear reflection,
As in a wizard's glass,
Lost hopes and dead affection,
Like shades, before me pass.

Each cup I drain brings hither
Some scenes of bliss gone by; —
Bright lips, too bright to wither,
Warm hearts, too warm to die.
Till, as the dream comes o'er me
Of those long-vanish'd years,
Alas, the wine before me
Seems turning all to tears!

HARK! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING

[RUSSIAN AIR.]

HARK! the vesper hymn is stealing
O'er the waters soft and clear;
Nearer yet and nearer pealing,
And now bursts upon the ear:
Jubilate, Amen.
Farther now, now farther stealing,
Soft it fades upon the ear:
Jubilate, Amen.

Now, like moonlight waves retreating
To the shore, it dies along;
Now, like angry surges meeting,
Breaks the mingled tide of song:
Jubilate, Amen.
Hush! again, like waves, retreating
To the shore, it dies along.
Jubilate, Amen.

WHEN THROUGH THE PIAZETTA

[VENETIAN AIR.]

When through the Piazetta
  Night breathes her cool air,
Then, dearest Ninetta,
  I 'll come to thee there.
Beneath thy mask shrouded,
  I 'll know thee afar,
As Love knows, though clouded,
  His own Evening Star.

In garb, then, resembling
  Some gay gondolier,
I 'll whisper thee, trembling,
  "Our bark, love is near;
Now, now, while there hover
  Those clouds o'er the moon,
'T will waft thee safe over
  Yon silent Lagoon."

WHEN ABROAD IN THE WORLD.

When abroad in the world thou appearest,
And the young and the lovely are there,
To my heart while of all thou 'rt the dearest,
To my eyes thou 'rt of all the most fair.
They pass one by one,
Like waves of the sea,
That say to the Sun,
"See, how fair we can be."
But where 's the light like thine,
In sun or shade to shine?
No — no, 'mong them all, there is nothing like thee,
Nothing like thee.

Oft, of old, without farewell or warning,
Beauty's self used to steal from the skies;
Fling a mist round her head, some fine morning,
And post down to earth in disguise;
But, no matter what shroud
Around her might be,
Men peep'd through the cloud,
And whisper'd "'T is She."
So thou, where thousands are,
Shin'st forth the only star —
Yes, yes, 'mong them all, there is nothing like thee,
Nothing like thee.

WHEN LOVE IS KIND

When Love is kind,
  Cheerful and free,
Love 's sure to find
  Welcome from me.

But when Love brings
  Heartache or pang,
Tears, and such things —
  Love may go hang!

If Love can sigh
  For one alone
Well pleased am I
  To be that one.

But should I see
  Love giv'n to rove
To two or three,
  Then — good-by, Love

Love must, in short,
  Keep fond and true
Through good report,
  And evil too.

Else, here I swear,
  Young Love may go,
For aught I care —
  To Jericho.

KEEP THOSE EYES STILL PURELY MINE

Keep those eyes still purely mine
Though far off I be:
When on others most they shine,
Then think they 're turn'd on me.

Should those lips as now respond
To sweet minstrelsy,
When their accents seem most fond,
Then think they 're breathed for me.

Make what hearts thou wilt thy own,
If when all on thee
Fix their charmed thoughts alone,
Thou think'st the while on me.

HEAR ME BUT ONCE.

[FRENCH AIR.]

Hear me but once, while o'er the grave,
In which our Love lies cold and dead,
I count each flatt'ring hope he gave
Of joys, now lost, and charms now fled.

Who could have thought the smile he wore
When first we met, would fade away?
Or that a chill would e'er come o'er
Those eyes so bright through many a day?
Hear me but once, &c.

THOU LOV'ST NO MORE.

Too plain, alas, my doom is spoken,
Nor canst thou veil the sad truth o'er,
Thy heart is changed, thy vow is broken,
Thou lov'st no more — thou lov'st no more.

Though kindly still those eyes behold me,
The smile is gone, which once they wore;
Though fondly still those arms enfold me,
'T is not the same — thou lov'st no more

Too long my dream of bliss believing,
I 've thought thee all thou wert before;
But now — alas! there 's no deceiving,
'T is all too plain, thou lov'st no more.

Oh, thou as soon the dead couldst waken,
As lost affection's life restore,
Give peace to her that is forsaken,
Or bring back him who loves no more.

HERE SLEEPS THE BARD.

[HIGHLAND AIR.]

HERE sleeps the Bard who knew so well
All the sweet windings of Apollo's shell
Whether its music roll'd like torrents near,
Or died, like distant streamlets, on the ear.
Sleep, sleep, mute bard; alike unheeded now
The storm and zephyr sweep thy lifeless brow; —
That storm, whose rush is like thy martial lay;
That breeze which, like thy love-song, dies away!

DO NOT SAY THAT LIFE IS WANING.

Do not say that life is waning,
Or that Hope's sweet day is set;
While I 've thee and love remaining,
Life is in th' horizon yet.

Do not think those charms are flying,
Though thy roses fade and fall;
Beauty hath a grace undying,
Which in thee survives them all.

Not for charms, the newest, brightest,
That on other cheeks may shine,
Would I change the least, the slightest,
That is ling'ring now o'er thine.

IF IN LOVING, SINGING.

If in loving, singing, night and day
We could trifle merrily life away,
Like atoms dancing in the beam,
Like day-flies skimming o'er the stream,
Or summer blossoms, born to sigh
Their sweetness out, and die —
How brilliant, thoughtless, side by side,
Thou and I could make our minutes glide!
No atoms ever glanced so bright,
No day-flies ever danced so light,
Nor summer blossoms mix'd their sigh,
So close, as thou and I!

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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LINES

WRITTEN ON LEAVING PHILADELPHIA.

Alone by the Schuylkill a wanderer roved,
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye;
But far, very far, were the friends that he loved,
And he gazed on its flowery banks with a sigh.

Oh Nature, though blessed and bright are thy rays,
O'er the brow of creation enchantingly thrown,
Yet faint are they all to the lustre that plays
In a smile from the heart that is fondly our own.

Nor long did the soul of the stranger remain
Unbless'd by the smile he had languish'd to meet;
Though scarce did he hope it would sooth him again,
Till the threshold of home had been press'd by his feet.

But the lays of his boyhood had stol'n to their ear,
And they loved what they knew of so humble a name;
And they told him, with flattery welcome and dear,
That they found in his heart something better than fame.

Nor did woman--oh woman! whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue;
Whether sunn'd in the tropics or chill'd at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness too:—

Nor did she her enamoring magic deny,—
That magic his heart had relinquish'd so long,—
Like eyes he had loved was *her* eloquent eye,
Like them did it soften and weep at his song.

Oh, bless'd be the tear, and in memory oft
May its sparkle be shed o'er the wanderer's dream,
Thr'ce bless'd be that eye, and may passion as soft,
As free from a pang, ever mellow its beam!

The stranger is gone — but he will not forget,
When at home he shall talk of the toils he has known,
To tell, with a sigh, what endearments he met,
As he stray'd by the wave of the Schuylkill alone

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We 'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight 's past

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breathe the blue wave to curl;
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we 'll rest our weary oar,
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight 's past.

Utawas' tide! the trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight 's past.

TO THE FIRE-FLY.

At morning, when the earth and sky
Are glowing with the light of spring,
We see thee not, thou humble fly!
Nor think upon thy gleaming wing.

But when the skies have lost their hue,
And sunny lights no longer play,
Oh then we see and bless thee too
For sparkling o'er the dreary way.

Thus let my hope, when lost to me
The lights that now my life illume,
Some milder joys may come, like thee,
To cheer, if not to warm, the gloom!

THE STEERSMAN'S SONG.

When freshly blows the northern gale,
And under courses snug we fly;
Or when light breezes swell the sail,
And royals proudly sweep the sky;
'Longside the wheel, unwearied still
I stand, and, as my watchful eye
Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill,
I think of her I love, and cry,
Port, my boy! port.

When calms delay, or breezes blow
Right from the point we wish to steer;
When by the wind close-haul'd we go,
And strive in vain the port to near;
I think 't is thus the fates defer
My bliss with one that 's far away,
And while remembrance springs to her,
I watch the sails and sighing say,
Thus, my boy! thus.

But see, the wind draws kindly aft,
All hands are up the yards to square,
And now the floating stu'n-sails waft
Our stately ship through waves and air.
Oh! then I think that yet for me
Some breeze of fortune thus may spring,
Some breeze to waft me, love, to thee—
And in that hope I smiling sing,
Steady, boy! so.

WRITTEN ON PASSING DEADMAN'S ISLAND

See you, beneath yon cloud so dark,
Fast gliding along a gloomy bark?
Her sails are full, — though the wind is still,
And there blows not a breath her sails to fill!

Say what doth that vessel of darkness bear?
The silent calm of the grave is there,
Save now and again a death-knell rung,
And the flap of the sails with night-fog hung.

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador;
Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are toss'd.

Yon shadowy bark hath been to that wreck,
And the dim blue fire, that lights her deck,
Doth play on as pale and livid a crew
As ever yet drank the churchyard dew.

To Deadman's Isle, in the eye of the blast,
To Deadman's Isle, she speeds her fast;
By skeleton shapes her sails are furl'd,
And the hand that steers is not of this world!

Oh! hurry thee on — oh! hurry thee on,
Thou terrible bark, ere the night be gone,
Nor let morning look on so foul a sight
As would blanch for ever her rosy light!

THE TORCH OF LIBERTY.

I saw it all in Fancy's glass —
  Herself, the fair, the wild magician,
Who bids this splendid day-dream pass,
  And named each gliding apparition.

'T was like a torch-race — such as they
  Of Greece perform'd, in ages gone,
When the fleet youths, in long array,
  Pass'd the bright torch triumphant on.

I saw th' expectant nations stand,
  To catch the coming flame in turn; —
I saw, from ready hand to hand,
  The clear, though struggling, glory burn.

And, oh, their joy, as it came near,
  'T was, in itself, a joy to see; —
While Fancy whisper'd in my ear,
  "That torch they pass is Liberty!"

And each, as she received the flame,
  Lighted her altar with its ray;
Then, smiling, to the next who came,
  Speeded it on its sparkling way.

From Albion first, whose ancient shrine
  Was furnish'd with the fire already,
Columbia caught the boon divine,
  And lit a flame, like Albion's, steady

The splendid gift then Gallia took,
And, like a wild Bacchante, raising
The brand aloft, its sparkles shook,
As she would set the world a-blazing!

Thus kindling wild, so fierce and high
Her altar blazed into the air,
That Albion, to that fire too nigh,
Shrunk back, and shudder'd at its glare!

Next, Spain, so new was light to her,
Leap'd at the torch — but, ere the spark
That fell upon her shrine could stir,
'T was quench'd — and all again was dark.

Yet, no — *not* quench'd — a treasure, worth
So much to mortals, rarely dies:
Again her living light look'd forth,
And shone, a beacon, in all eyes.

Who next received the flame? alas,
Unworthy Naples — shame of shames,
That ever through such hands should pass
That brightest of all earthly flames!

Scarce had her fingers touch'd the torch,
When, frighted by the sparks it shed,
Nor waiting even to feel the scorch,
She dropp'd it to the earth — and fled.

And fall'n it might have long remain'd;
But Greece, who saw her moment now,
Caught up the prize, though prostrate, stain'd,
And waved it round her beauteous brow

And Fancy bade me mark where, o'er
Her altar, as its flame ascended,
Fair, laurell'd spirits seem'd to soar,
Who thus in song their voices blended: —

"Shine, shine for ever, glorious Flame,
Divinest gift of Gods to men!
From Greece thy earliest splendor came,
To Greece thy ray returns again.

"Take, Freedom, take thy radiant round,
When dimm'd, revive, when lost, return,
Till not a shrine through earth be found,
On which thy glories shall not burn!"

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow —
There 's nothing true, but Heaven!

And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of Even:
And Love and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb —
There 's nothing bright, but Heaven.

Poor wand'rers of a stormy day!
From wave to wave we 're driven,
And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way —
There 's nothing calm, but Heaven!

OH, TEACH ME TO LOVE THEE.

Oh, teach me to love Thee, to feel what thou art,
Till, fill'd with the one sacred image, my heart
Shall all other passions disown;
Like some pure temple, that shines apart,
Reserved for Thy worship alone.

In joy and in sorrow, through praise and through blame,
Thus still let me, living and dying the same,
In *Thy* service bloom and decay —
Like some lone altar, whose votive flame
In holiness wasteth away.

Though born in this desert, and doom'd by my birth
To pain and affliction, to darkness and dearth,
On Thee let my spirit rely —
Like some rude dial, that, fix'd on earth,
Still looks for its light from the sky

WEEP NOT FOR THOSE.

WEEP not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.
Death chill'd the fair fountain, ere sorrow had stain'd it
'T was frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps till the sunshine of Heaven has unchain'd it,
To water that Eden where first was its source.
Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.

Mourn not for her, the young Bride of the Vale,
Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now,
Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
And the garland of Love was yet fresh on her brow.
Oh, then was her moment, dear spirit for flying
From this gloomy world, while its gloom was unknown —
And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly, in dying,
Were echoed in Heaven by lips like her own.
Weep not for her — in her spring-time she flew
To that land where the wings of the soul are unfurl'd
And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,
Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world.

A BALLAD.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

"They made her a grave, too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she 's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

"And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I 'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
When the footstep of death is near."

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds –
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before.

And, when on earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay, where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirr'd the brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
"Oh! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface play'd —
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light!"
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid.

Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far, far he follow'd the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat return'd no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

SONG OF THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE WOODS.

Now the vapor, hot and damp,
Shed by day's expiring lamp,
Through the misty ether spreads
Every ill the white man dreads;
Fiery fever's thirsty thrill,
Fitful ague's shivering chill!

Hark! I hear the traveller's song,
As he winds the woods along; —
Christian, 't is the song of fear;
Wolves are round thee, night is near,
And the wild thou dar'st to roam —
Think, 't was once the Indian's home!

Hither, sprites, who love to harm,
Wheresoe'er you work your charm,
By the creeks, or by the brakes,
Where the pale witch feeds her snakes,
And the cayman loves to creep,
Torpid, to his wintry sleep:
Where the bird of carrion flits,
And the shudd'ring murderer sits,
Lone beneath a roof of blood;
While upon his poison'd food,
From the corpse of him he slew
Drops the chill and gory dew.

Hither bend ye, turn ye hither,
Eyes that blast and wings that wither!
Cross the wand'ring Christian's way,
Lead him, ere the glimpse of day,
Many a mile of madd'ning error,
Through the maze of night and terror,
Till the morn behold him lying
On the damp earth, pale and dying.
Mock him, when his eager sight
Seeks the cordial cottage-light;
Gleam then, like the lightning-bug,
Tempt him to the den that 's dug
For the foul and famish'd brood
Of the she-wolf, gaunt for blood;
Or, unto the dangerous pass
O'er the deep and dark morass,
Where the trembling Indian brings
Belts of porcelain, pipes, and rings,
Tributes, to be hung in air,
To the Fiend presiding there!

Then, when night's long labor past,
Wilder'd, faint, he falls at last,
Sinking where the causeway's edge
Moulders in the slimy sedge.
There let every noxious thing
Trail its filth and fix its sting;
Let the bull-toad taint him over,
Round him let moschetoes hover,
In his ears and eyeballs tingle,
With his blood their poison mingle,
Till, beneath the solar fires,
Rankling all, the wretch expires!

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE COHOS, OR FALLS OF THE MOHAWK RIVER.

From rise of morn till set of sun
I 've seen the mighty Mohawk run;
And as I mark'd the woods of pine
Along his mirror darkly shine,
Like tall and gloomy forms that pass
Before the wizard's midnight glass;
And as I view'd the hurrying pace
With which he ran his turbid race,
Rushing, alike untired and wild,
Through shades that frown'd and flowers
that smiled,
Flying by every green recess
That woo'd him to its calm caress,
Yet, sometimes turning with the wind,
As if to leave one look behind, —
Oft have I thought, and thinking sigh'd,
How like to thee, thou restless tide,
May be the lot, the life of him
Who roams along thy water's brim;
Through what alternate wastes of woe
And flowers of joy my path may go;
How many a shelter'd, calm retreat
May woo the while my weary feet,
While still pursuing, still unbless'd,
I wander on, nor dare to rest:

But, urgent as the doom that calls
Thy water to its destined falls,
I feel the world's bewild'ring force
Hurry my heart's devoted course
From lapse to lapse, till life be done,
And the spent current cease to run.
One only prayer I dare to make,
As onward thus my course I take; —
Oh, be my falls as bright as thine!
May heaven's relenting rainbow shine
Upon the mist that circles me,
As soft as now it hangs o'er thee!

THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE.

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, Lord! that Arch of thine;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murm'ring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
E'en more than music, breathes of Thee.

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy Throne;
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy Heaven, on which 't is bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

I 'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness, breaking through.

There 's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity.

There 's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy Love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

YOUTH AND AGE.

"Tell me, what 's Love?" said Youth, one day,
To drooping Age, who cross'd his way. —
"It is a sunny hour of play,
For which repentance dear doth pay;
Repentance! Repentance!
And this is Love, as wise men say."

"Tell me, what's Love?" said Youth once more,
Fearful, yet fond, of Age's lore. —
"Soft as a passing summer's wind:
Wouldst know the blight it leaves behind?
Repentance! Repentance!
And this is Love — when Love is o'er."

"Tell me, what's Love?" said Youth again,
Trusting the bliss, but not the pain.
"Sweet as a May tree's scented air —
Mark ye what bitter fruit 't will bear.
Repentance! Repentance!
This, this is Love — sweet Youth, beware."

Just then, young Love himself came by,
And cast on Youth a smiling eye;
Who could resist that glance's ray?
In vain did Age his warning say,
"Repentance! Repentance!"
Youth laughing went with Love away.

THE DYING WARRIOR

A WOUNDED Chieftain, lying
By the Danube's leafy side.
Thus faintly said, in dying,
"Oh! bear, thou foaming tide,
This gift to my lady-bride

'T was then, in life's last quiver,
He flung the scarf he wore
Into the foaming river,
Which, ah too quickly, bore
That pledge of one no more!

With fond impatience burning,
The Chieftain's lady stood,
To watch her love returning
In triumph down the flood,
From that day's field of blood.

But, field, alas, ill-fated!
The lady saw, instead
Of the bark whose speed she waited,
Her hero's scarf, all red
With the drops his heart had shed.

One shriek — and all was over —
Her life-pulse ceased to beat;
The gloomy waves now cover
That bridal-flower so sweet,
And the scarf is her winding-sheet!

MERRILY EVERY BOSOM BOUNDETH.

THE TYROLESE SONG OF LIBERTY.

Merrily every bosom boundeth,
Merrily, oh!
Where the song of Freedom soundeth,
Merrily, oh!
There the warrior's arms
Shed more splendor;
There the maiden's charms
Shine more tender;
Ev'ry joy the land surroundeth,
Merrily, oh! merrily, oh!

Wearily every bosom pineth,
Wearily, oh!
Where the bond of slavery twineth,
Wearily, oh!
There the warrior's dart
Hath no fleetness;
There the maiden's heart
Hath no sweetness —
Ev'ry flow'r of life declineth,
Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!

Cheerily then from hill and valley,
Cheerily, oh!
Like your native fountains sally,
Cheerily, oh!

If a glorious death,
Won by bravery,
Sweeter be than breath
Sigh'd in slavery
Round the flag of Freedom rang,
Cheerily, oh! cheerily oh!

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

"Come, if thy magic Glass have pow'r
To call up forms we wish to see;
Show me my Love, in that rosy bow'r,
Where last she pledged her truth to me."

The Wizard show'd him his Lady bright,
Where lone and pale in her bow'r she lay;
"True-hearted maid," said the happy Knight,
"She 's thinking of one, who is far away"

But, lo! a page, with looks of joy,
Brings tidings to the Lady's ear;
"'T is," said the Knight, "the same bright boy,
Who used to guide me to my dear."

The Lady now, from her fav'rite tree,
Hath, smiling, pluck'd a rosy flow'r;
"Such," he exclaim'd, "was the gift that she
Each morning sent me from that bow'r!"

She gives her page the blooming rose,
With looks that say, "Like lightning, fly!"
"Thus," thought the Knight, "she sooths her woes,
By fancying, still, her true-love nigh."

But the page returns, and — oh, what a sight,
For trusting lover's eyes to see! —
Leads to that bow'r another Knight,
As young and, alas, as loved as he!

"Such," quoth the Youth, "is Woman's love!"
Then, darting forth, with furious bound,
Dash'd at the Mirror his iron glove,
And strew'd it all in fragments round.

MORAL.

Such ills would never have come to pass,
Had he ne'er sought that fatal view;
The Wizard would still have kept his Glass,
And the Knight still thought his Lady true.

THE FANCY FAIR.

Come, maids and youths, for here we sell
All wondrous things of earth and air;
Whatever wild romancers tell,
Or poets sing, or lovers swear,
You 'll find at this our Fancy Fair.

Here eyes are made like stars to shine,
And kept, for years, in such repair,
That ev'n when turn'd of thirty-nine,
They 'll hardly look the worse for wear,
If bought at this our Fancy Fair.

We 've lots of tears for bards to show'r,
And hearts that such ill usage bear,
That, though they 're broken ev'ry hour,
They 'll still in rhyme fresh breaking bear,
If purchased at our Fancy Fair.

As fashions change in ev'ry thing,
We 've goods to suit each season's air,
Eternal friendships for the spring,
And endless loves for summer wear, —
All sold at this our Fancy Fair.

We 've reputations white as snow,
That long will last, if used with care,
Nay, safe through all life's journey go,
If pack'd and mark'd as "brittle ware," —
Just purchased at the Fancy Fair

HER LAST WORDS, AT PARTING.

Her last words, at parting, how *can* I forget?
Deep treasured through life, in my heart they shall stay;
Like music, whose charm in the soul lingers yet,
When its sounds from the ear have long melted away.
Let Fortune assail me, her threat'nings are vain;
Those still-breathing words shall my talisman be, —
"Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,
There 's one heart, unchanging, that beats but for thee."

From the desert's sweet well tho' the pilgrim must hie,
Never more of that fresh-springing fountain to taste,
He hath still of its bright drops a treasured supply,
Whose sweetness lends life to his lips through the waste.
So, dark as my fate is still doom'd to remain,
These words shall my well in the wilderness be, —
"Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,
There 's one heart, unchanging, that beats but for thee

BALLAD STANZAS.

I KNEW by the smoke, that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there 's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that was humble might hope for it here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around
In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beach-tree.

And, "Here in this lone little wood," I exclaim'd,
"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
Who would blush when I praised her, and weep if I blamed,
How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!

"By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
Which had never been sigh'd on by any but mine!"

SALE OF CUPID.

Who 'll buy a little boy? Look, yonder is he,
Fast asleep, sly rogue, on his mother's knee;
So bold a young imp 't is n't safe to keep,
So I 'll part with him now, while he 's sound asleep.
See his arch little nose, how sharp 't is curl'd,
His wings, too, ev'n in sleep unfurl'd;
And those fingers, which still ever ready are found
For mirth or for mischief, to tickle, or wound.

He 'll try with his tears your heart to beguile,
But never you mind — he 's laughing all the while·
For little he cares, so he has his own whim,
And weeping or laughing are all one to him.
His eye is as keen as the lightning's flash,
His tongue like the red bolt quick and rash;
And so savage is he, that his own dear mother
Is scarce more safe in his hands than another.

In short, to sum up this darling's praise,
He 's a downright pest in all sorts of ways·
And if any one wants such an imp to employ,
He shall have a dead bargain of this little boy.
But see, the boy wakes — his bright tears flow —
His eyes seem to ask could I sell him? oh no,
Sweet child, no, no — though so naughty you be,
You shall live evermore with my Lesbia and me

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come, at God's altar fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish —
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying --
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

Go, ask the infidel, what boon he brings us,
What charm for aching hearts *he* can reveal,
Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings us —
"Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal."

THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

When o'er the silent seas alone,
For days and nights we've cheerless gone,
Oh they who've felt it know how sweet,
Some sunny morn a sail to meet.

Sparkling at once is ev'ry eye,
"Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!" our joyful cry;
While answering back the sounds we hear
"Ship ahoy! ship ahoy! what cheer? what cheer?"

Then sails are back'd, we nearer come,
Kind words are said of friends and home:
And soon, too soon, we part with pain,
To sail o'er silent seas again.

THE EXILE.

NIGHT waneth fast, the morning star
Saddens with light the glimm'ring sea,
Whose waves shall soon to realms afar
Waft me from hope, from love, and thee.
Coldly the beam from yonder sky
Looks o'er the waves that onward stray:
But colder still the stranger's eye.
To him whose home is far away.

Oh, not at hour so chill and bleak,
Let thoughts of me come o'er thy breast;
But of the lost one think and speak,
When summer suns sink calm to rest.
So, as I wander, Fancy's dream
Shall bring me o'er the sunset seas,
Thy look, in ev'ry melting beam,
Thy whisper, in each dying breeze.

AS DOWN IN THE SUNLESS RETREATS

As down in the sunless retreats of the Ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee,
My God! silent, to Thee,
Pure, warm, silent, to Thee.

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee.
My God! trembling, to Thee —
True, fond, trembling, to Thee

ROSE OF THE DESERT.

Rose of the Desert! thou, whose blushing ray
Lonely and lovely, fleets unseen away;
No hand to cull thee, none to woo thy sigh, —
In vestal silence left to live and die, —
Rose of the Desert! thus should woman be,
Shining uncourted, lone and safe, like thee.

Rose of the Garden, how unlike thy doom!
Destined for others, not thyself, to bloom;
Cull'd ere thy beauty lives through half its day;
A moment cherish'd, and then cast away;
Rose of the Garden! such is woman's lot,—
Worshipp'd, while blooming — when she fades, forgot.

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd — his people are free.
Sing — for the pride of the Tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave —
How vain was their boast, for the Lord hath but spoken
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah has triumph'd — his people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword. —
Who shall retnrn to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide
Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah has triumph'd — his people are free!

LONG YEARS HAVE PASS'D.

Long years have pass'd, old friend, since we
  First met in life's young day;
And friends long loved by thee and me,
  Since then have dropp'd away; —
But enough remain to cheer us on,
  And sweeten, when thus we 're met,
The glass we fill to the many gone,
  And the few who 're left us yet.

Our locks, old friend, now thinly grow,
  And some hang white and chill;
While some, like flow'rs 'mid Autumn's snow,
  Retain youth's color still.
And so, in our hearts, though one by one,
  Youth's sunny hopes have set,
Thank heav'n, not all their light is gone, —
  We 've some to cheer us yet.

Then here 's to thee, old friend, and long
  May thou and I thus meet,
To brighten still with wine and song
  This short life, ere it fleet.
And still as death comes stealing on,
  Let 's never, old friend, forget,
Ev'n while we sigh o'er blessings gone,
  How many are left us yet.

TELL HER, OH, TELL HER.

Tell her, oh, tell her, the lute she left lying
Beneath the green arbor, is still lying there;
And breezes, like lovers, around it are sighing,
But not a soft whisper replies to their pray'r.

Tell her, oh, tell her, the tree that, in going,
Beside the green arbor she playfully set,
As lovely as ever is blushing and blowing,
And not a bright leaflet has fall'n from it yet.

So while away from that arbor forsaken,
The maiden is wandering, still let her be
As true as the lute, that no sighing can waken,
And blooming for ever, unchanged as the tree

OH CALL IT BY SOME BETTER NAME

Oh, call it by some better name,
For Friendship sounds too cold,
While Love is now a worldly flame,
Whose shrine must be of gold·

And Passion, like the sun at noon,
That burns o'er all he sees,
Awhile as warm, will set as soon
Then, call it none of these.

Imagine something purer far,
More free from stain of clay
Than Friendship, Love, or Passion are,
Yet human still as they;
And if thy lip, for love like this,
No mortal word can frame,
Go, ask of angels what it is,
And call it by that name!

FANCY.

THE more I 've view'd this world, the more I 've found
That, fill'd as 't is with scenes and creatures rare,
Fancy commands, within her own bright round,
A world of scenes and creatures far more fair
Nor is it that her power can call up there
A single charm, that 's not from nature won, —
No more than rainbows, in their pride, can wear
A single tint unborrow'd from the sun;
But 't is the mental medium it shines through,
That lends to Beauty all its charms and hue;
As the same light, that o'er the level lake
One dull monotony of lustre flings,
Will, entering in the rounded rain-drop, make
Colors as gay as those on angels' wings!

TO THE FLYING FISH.

When I have seen thy snow-white wing
From the blue wave at evening spring,
And show those scales of silvery white,
So gayly to the eye of light,
As if thy frame were form'd to rise,
And live amid the glorious skies;
Oh! it has made me proudly feel,
How like thy wing's impatient zeal
Is the pure soul, that rests not, pent
Within this world's gross element,
But takes the wing that God has given,
And rises into light and heaven!

But, when I see that wing, so bright,
Grow languid with a moment's flight,
Attempt the paths of air in vain,
And sink into the waves again;
Alas! the flattering pride is o'er;
Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar,
But erring man must blush to think,
Like thee, again the soul may sink.

Oh Virtue! when thy clime I seek,
Let not my spirit's flight be weak:
Let me not, like this feeble thing,
With brine still dropping from its wing
Just sparkle in the solar glow
Aud plunge again to depths below;

But, when I leave the grosser throng
With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,
Let me, in that aspiring day,
Cast every lingering stain away.
And, panting for thy purer air,
Fly up at once and fix me there.

THE DAY-DREAM.

They both were hush'd, the voice, the chords —
I heard but once that witching lay;
And few the notes, and few the words,
My spell-bound memory brought away;

Traces remember'd here and there,
Like echoes of some broken strain;—
Links of a sweetness lost in air,
That nothing now could join again.

Ev'n these, too, ere the morning, fled;
And, though the charm still linger'd on,
That o'er each sense her song had shed,
The song itself was faded, gone;—

Gone, like the thoughts that once were ours,
On summer days, ere youth had set;
Thoughts bright, we know, as summer flowers,
Thought *what* they were, we now forget.

In vain, with hints from other strains,
I woo'd this truant air to come —
As birds are taught, on eastern plains,
To lure their wilder kindred home.

In vain: — the song that Sappho gave,
In dying, to the mournful sea,
Not muter slept beneath the wave,
Than this within my memory.

At length, one morning, as I lay
In that half-waking mood, when dreams
Unwillingly at last give way
To the full truth of daylight's beams,

A face — the very face, methought,
From which had breathed, as from a shrine
Of song and soul, the notes I sought —
Came with its music close to mine;

And sung the long-lost measure o'er, —
Each note and word, with every tone
And look, that lent it life before, —
All perfect, all again my own!

Like parted souls, when, mid the Blest
They meet again, each widow'd sound
Through memory's realm had wing'd in quest
Of its sweet mate, till all were found.

Nor even in waking did the clue
Thus strangely caught, escape again;
For never lark its matins knew
So well as now I knew this strain.

And oft, when memory's wondrous spell
Is talk'd of in our tranquil bower,
I sing this lady's song, and tell
The vision of that morning hour.

BOAT GLEE.

The song that lightens our languid way
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing,
Is like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we stray.
The beams that flash on the oar awhile,
As we row along through waves so clear,
Illume its spray, like the fleeting smile
That shines o'er Sorrow's tear.

Nothing is lost on him who sees
With an eye that Feeling gave;
For him there 's a story in every breeze,
And a picture in every wave.
Then sing to lighten the languid way;—
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing;
'T is like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we stray

SONG.

Where is the heart that would not give
  Years of drowsy days and nights,
One little hour, like this, to live —
  Full, to the brim, of life's delights?
    Look, look around
    This fairy ground,
  With love-lights glittering o'er;
    While cups that shine
    With freight divine
  Go coasting round its shore.

Hope is the dupe of future hours,
  Memory lives in those gone by;
Neither can see the moment's flowers
  Springing up fresh beneath the eye.
    Wouldst thou, or thou,
    Forego what's *now*,
  For all that Hope may say?
    No — Joy's reply,
    From every eye,
  Is, "Live we while we may."

COME, PLAY ME THAT SIMPLE AIR AGAIN.

A BALLAD.

Come, play me that simple air again,
I used so to love, in life's young day,
And bring, if thou canst, the dreams that then
Were waken'd by that sweet lay.
The tender gloom its strain
Shed o'er the heart and brow,
Grief's shadow, without its pain —
Say where, where is it now?
But play me the well-known air once more,
For thoughts of youth still haunt its strain,
Like dreams of some far, fairy shore
We never shall see again.

Sweet air, how every note brings back
Some sunny hope, some day-dream bright,
That, shining o'er life's early track,
Fill'd ev'n its tears with light.
The new-found life that came
With love's first echo'd vow;—
The fear, the bliss, the shame —
Ah — where, where are they now
But, still the same loved notes prolong,
For sweet 't were thus, to that old lay,
In dreams of youth and love and song,
To breathe life's hour away.

SONG.

"'T is the Vine! 't is the Vine!" said the cup-loving boy
As he saw it spring bright from the earth,
And call'd the young Genii of Wit, Love, and Joy,
To witness and hallow its birth.
The fruit was full-grown, like a ruby it flamed,
Till the sunbeam that kiss'd it look'd pale:
"'T is the Vine! 't is the Vine!" ev'ry Spirit exclaim'd,
"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

First, fleet as a bird, to the summons Wit flew
While a light on the vine-leaves there broke,
In flashes so quick and so brilliant, all knew
'T was the light from his lips as he spoke.
"Bright tree! let thy nectar but cheer me," he cried,
"And the fount of Wit never can fail;"
"'T is the Vine! 't is the Vine!" hills and valleys reply
"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

Next, Love, as he lean'd o'er the plant to admire
Each tendril and cluster it wore,
From his rosy mouth sent such a breath of desire,
As made the tree tremble all o'er.
Oh, never did flow'r of the earth, sea, or sky,
Such a soul-giving odor inhale:
"'T is the Vine! 't is the Vine!" all re-echo the cry,
"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

Last, Joy, without whom even Love and Wit die,
Came to crown the bright hour with his ray;
And scarce had that mirth-waking tree met his eye,
When a laugh spoke what Joy could not say;—
A laugh of the heart, which was echoed around
Till, like music, it swell'd on the gale;
"'T is the Vine! 't is the Vine!" laughing myriads resound,
"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

SOVERFIGN WOMAN

A BALLAD.

The dance was o'er, yet still in dream
That fairy scene went on;
Like clouds still flush'd with daylight gleams,
Though day itself is gone.
And gracefully to music's sound,
The same bright nymphs went gliding round,
While thou, the Queen of all, wert there —
The Fairest still, where all were fair.

The dream then changed — in halls of state,
I saw thee high enthroned;
While, ranged around, the wise, the great
In thee their mistress own'd·

And still the same, thy gentle sway
O'er willing subjects won its way —
Till all confess'd the Right Divine
To rule o'er man was only thine!

But, lo, the scene now changed again
And borne on plumed steed,
I saw thee o'er the battle-plain
Our land's defenders lead;
And stronger in thy beauty's charms,
Than man, with countless hosts in arms,
Thy voice, like music, cheer'd the Free.
Thy very smile was victory!

Nor reign such queens on thrones alone --
In cot and court the same,
Wherever woman's smile is known,
Victoria's still her name.
For though she almost blush to reign,
Though Love's own flow'rets wreath the chain,
Disguise our bondage as we will,
'T is woman, woman, rules us still.

AT NIGHT.

At night, when all is still around,
How sweet to hear the distant sound
Of footstep, coming soft and light!
What pleasure in the anxious beat,
With which the bosom flies to meet
That foot that comes so soft at night!

And then, at night, how sweet to say
"'T is late, my love!" and chide delay,
Though still the western clouds are bright
Oh! happy, too, the silent press,
The eloquence of mute caress,
With those we love exchanged at night!

RONDEAU

"Good night! good night!" — And is it so?
And must I from my Rosa go?
Oh Rosa, say "Good night!" once more,
And I'll repeat it o'er and o'er,
Till the first glance of dawning light
Shall find us saying, still, "Good night."

And still "Good night," my Rosa, say —
But whisper still, "A minute stay;"
And I will stay, and every minute
Shall have an age of transport in it;
Till Time himself shall stay his flight,
To listen to our sweet "Good night."

"Good night!" you 'll murmur with a sigh,
And tell me it is time to fly:
And I will vow, will swear to go,
While still that sweet voice murmurs "No:"
Till slumber seal our weary sight —
And then, my love, my soul, 'Good night?"

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: April 2009

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